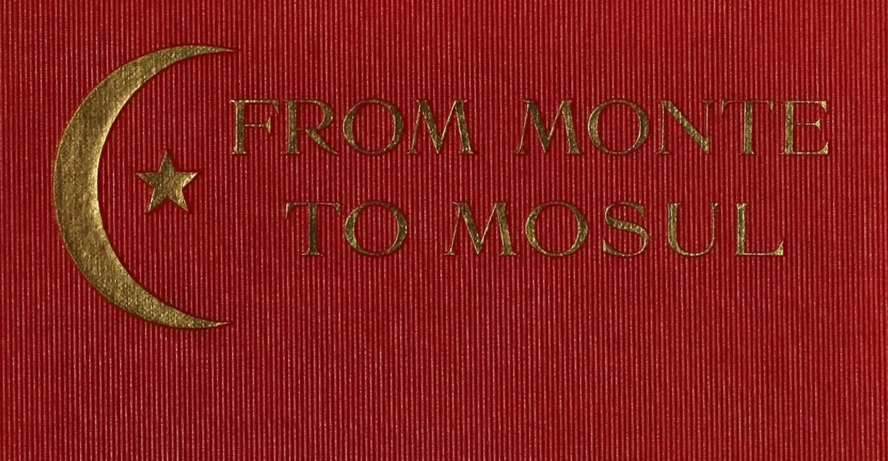
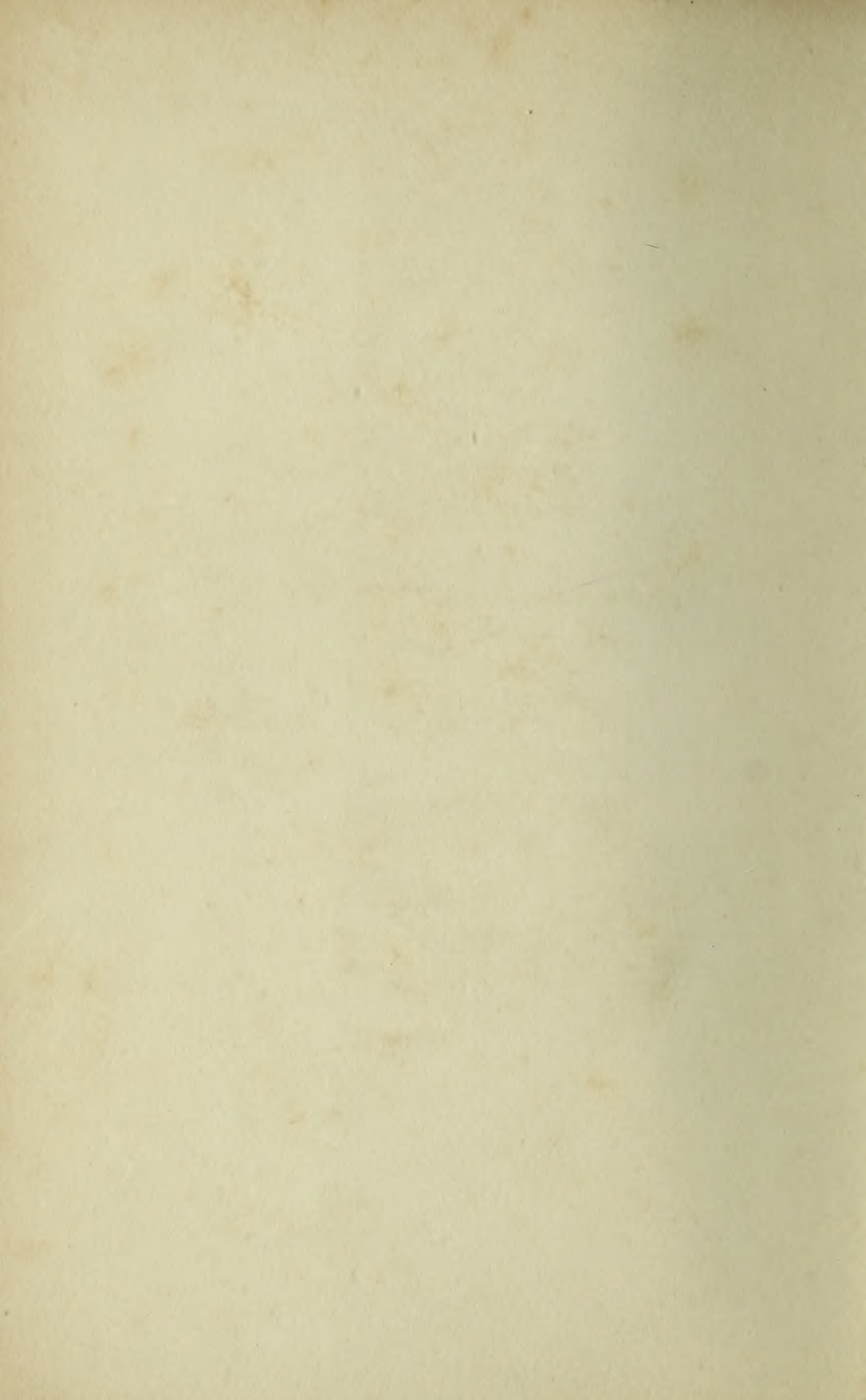
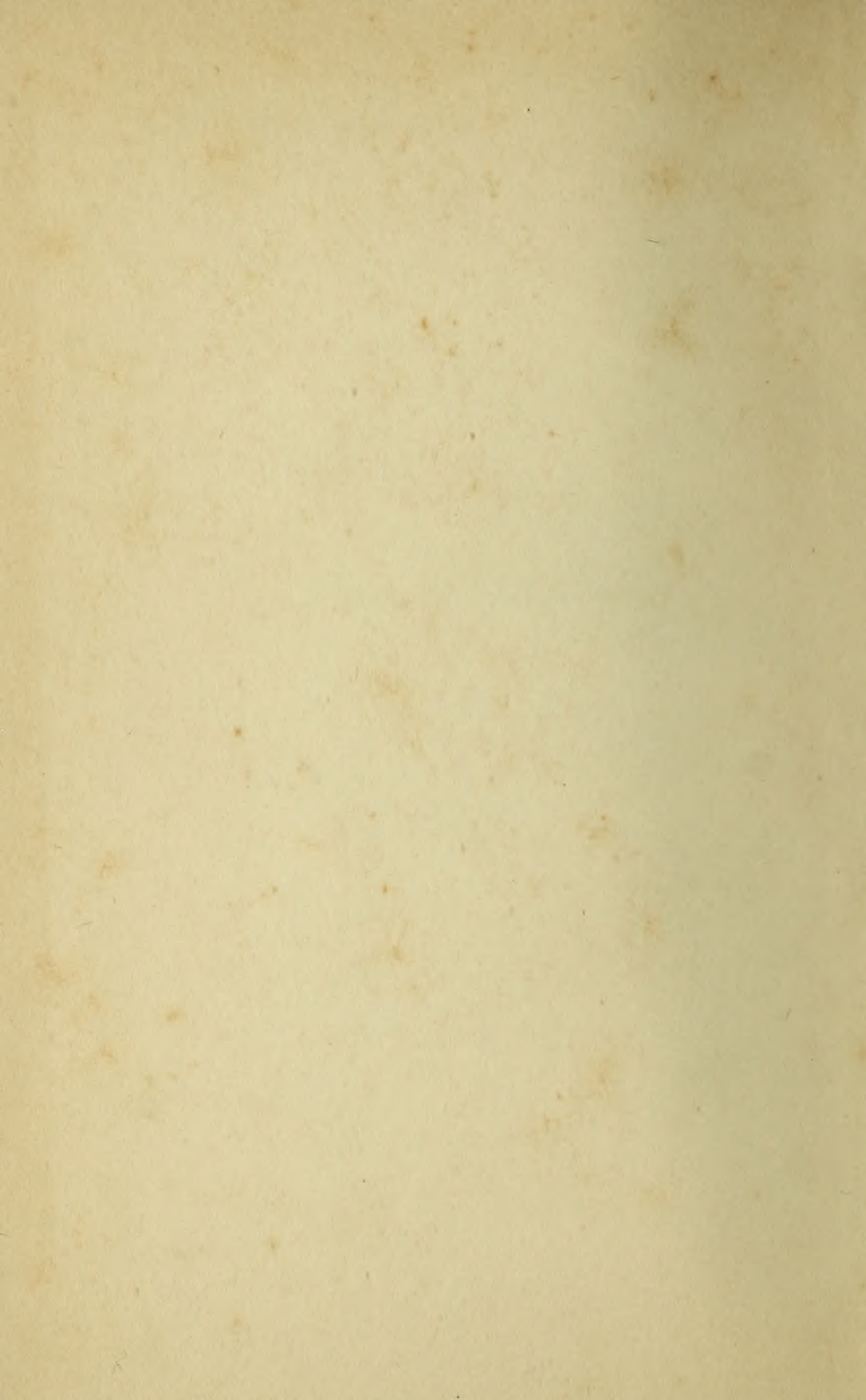

FROM MONTE
TO MOSUL



FROM MONTE TO MOSUL



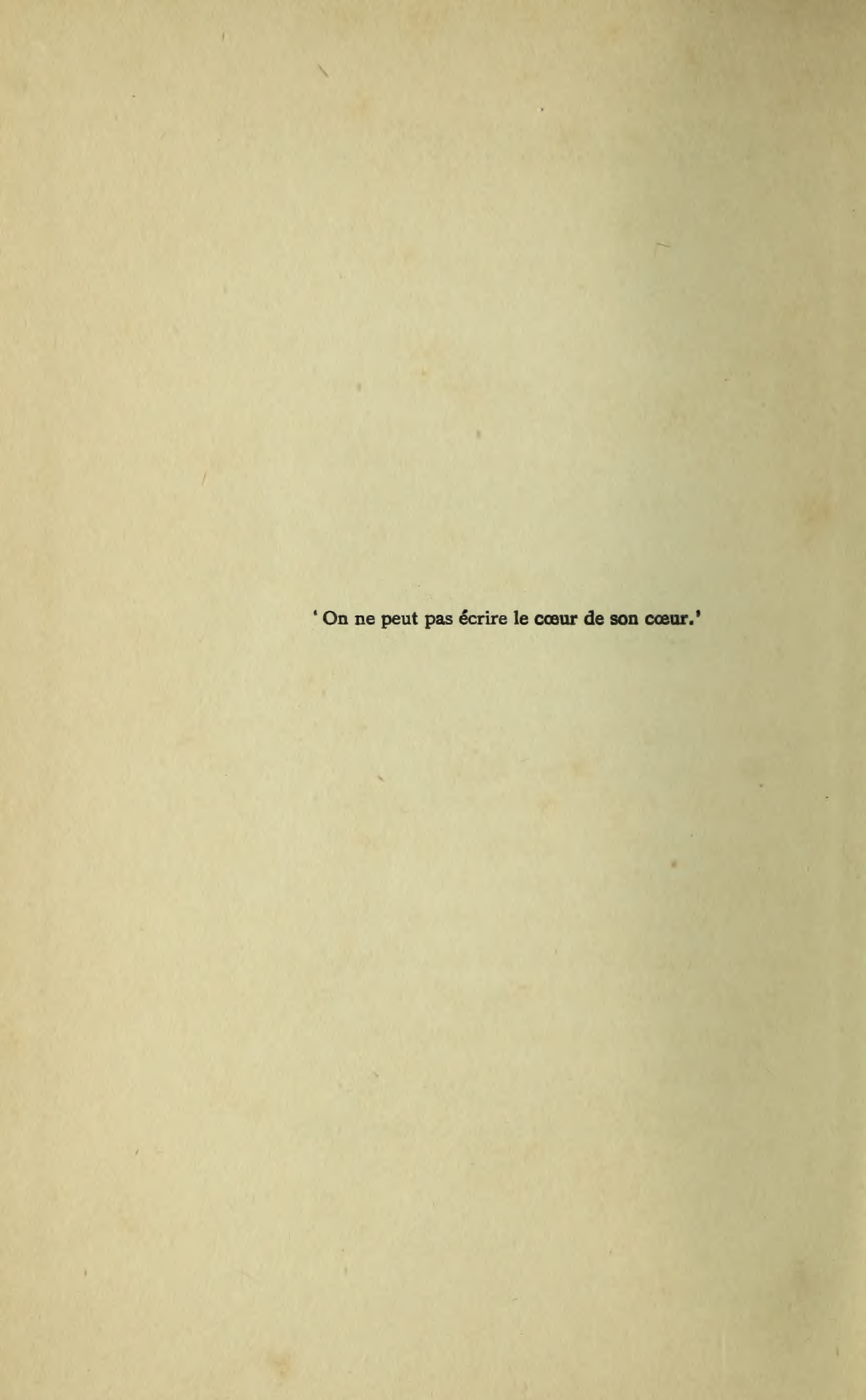


The "Emir"

FROM MONTE TO MOSUL

With Portrait, Map
and 32 Illustrations from Photographs

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' On ne peut pas écrire le cœur de son cœur.'

FOREWORD

PERHAPS a word of apology is needed in publishing a book about a place which is not even a name to the general public, so I may admit at once that I have rewritten my diary mainly to please myself, but also hoping that to future travellers in a country that is very inadequately described in the extant guide-books, and where you have to travel mostly by what you evolve from your own inner consciousness, some utility and profit may come of the same. If the book does not contain much positive information, it will at least be found to have a certain negative value, for it tells where there is no water, where no grain is to be obtained for horses and mules, what there is not to see.

I carefully noted the distance by hours every day, but as all Orientals suffer from timelessness, and as the journeys depend on so many factors for which there is no accounting—for here, of all countries, 'You never can tell from where you 're sitting just where and how you are going to land,' they must be looked on as merely approximate.



LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS





Bickers & Son, Ld.

FROM MONTE TO MOSUL

22nd January 1906.—I always think that Monte Carlo is the most difficult spot in the world to tear oneself away from. Anyhow when Tig—that is not his name, but it will answer—arrived to-day and reminded me that I had promised to start with him for Assyria on the 25th, it came to me quite as a shock. A perverse affair is human nature. The thought of one day going to see Nineveh and Babylon had long germinated in darkness, and now when the chance came, of course I wanted to stay on at Monte Carlo instead; as for Tig, he had never pretended any desire to go there at all. Up to the last moment he tried to urge me to give up Nineveh for the Blue Nile, Troglodytes in Algeria, or what not, all man-unstifled places which he knew to be essential to me. But having said Nineveh I stuck to it, principally because it is a way I have; the rest of the reasons don't matter. All I wanted was to be

allowed to go on playing uninterruptedly till the last possible moment; but this didn't suit Tig at all. Lunching at Ciro's, with my thoughts full of 'systems,' he suddenly must needs discover that I had done nothing about getting a passport—'You cannot possibly land at Beyrout without one, you know.'

'Oh, can't I? You wait and see.'

'No, they wouldn't let you: you'd be sent back to Alexandria, and how would you like that? You must wire to London at once for one. But, of course, you have left it much too late and it will probably not come in time, and you'll start without it and not be allowed to land. How just like you to start without the least forethought about anything,' &c.

I let him ramble on, and it eventually ended in my retiring to the Casino, and Tig going to the telegraph office to wire to the Foreign Office, or wherever one applies for passports, in my name. This was Monday, and in the evening some polite soul in London wired his regrets that he could not issue me a passport, but advised my applying to the British Consul at Nice.

Tig talked nothing else all the evening, and eventually wearied me into arranging to go over to Nice next morning to see what could be done.

This didn't suit me at all. It meant missing several hours at the fascinating tables on my last day. However, I went, and found the Consul in a musty little office near the Nice harbour, and he gave me a passport without any difficulty—in fact as easily as I should have landed at Beyrout without one at all, as I did not omit to tell Tig. The next thing was to get it *visé* by the Turkish Consul, and for this, having obtained the address at the British Consulate, we went a wild-goose chase over Nice. The Sick Man's representative had apparently twice changed his address from the one that we had been given, but eventually we ran him to ground. He examined my passport and professed himself scandalised at the careless way we English did such things. 'There is nothing here to prove to me who you are, but your signature,' said he: 'no other nation in the world but you English would think that sufficient.' And then he proceeded to take down my grandfather's name (he appeared satisfied with one), my age, to which I added a year by miscalculation, my height, which I guessed at, the colour of my hair, which he entered as it appeared to him—and I didn't refer him to my coiffeur—eyes, &c.

Then I was allowed some lunch and taken back to Monte Carlo, Tig in possession of the

passport, which he may still have for all I know.

Wednesday 24th we left for Marseilles, and on Thursday the 25th we sailed by the Messageries boat *Niger*, that I never hope to see again as long as I live. She got us to Alexandria at daylight on the 30th, and we caught the 9 A.M. train to Cairo, to find all the bigger hotels full, and people who had not engaged rooms being sent away to look for accommodation where they could find it. It was nice to get a decent lunch again, for almost a week had gone since the last, and an afternoon at the beautiful Cairo Museum and a sunset contemplated from the mosque of Mahomed Ali made me forget that there were such disagreeably essential things as the *Niger*.

31*st*.—We had an energetic day. We took the 9.30 A.M. train to Bedraschin, and there, in company with a goodly number of carefully-to be-avoided tourists, principally German, we rode by donkey to Sakkarah: between there and the Tomb of the Bulls, I fell as far as Adam or Eve, the whole length of myself on the ground, donkey and all, and when we had both been picked up and set straight again, the donkey boy, fearing that perhaps I might complain of my mount, hastened to explain to me that it was

entirely my own fault, as I didn't know how to hold my reins. Though I had ridden for more years than the donkey boy had seen light, I had already swallowed so much sand in my fall that I had no difficulty in swallowing a further insult or two; so, meekly finding out from him how he wished his particular donkey held, we continued to the tomb of Queen Tii, and lunched in what used to be Mariette Bey's house, where we could study our fellow tourists at close quarters. They didn't bear it. After lunch we were given other donkeys to ride on to the Pyramids at Gizeh—tea at Mena House and tram back to Cairo completed a day after Thomas Cook & Son's own heart. Coming back in the tram I overheard a cavalry sergeant regretting that he had not bought tramway shares the year previously when they were at £10 a share; this year, he said, they were £40: indeed, on all sides, one heard what a boom there was in the Egyptian market. Land in Cairo seemed to be selling very high, and I read that some syndicate was asking £30 per square metre for frontage on Saliman Pacha Street, which part is in great demand.

1*st February*.—Thursday was also a touristy day—the El Azhar Mosque, Tombs of the Caliphs, and Mosque of the Sultan Hasan

before lunch: at the latter an intelligent man in a green turban, who explained to me that he was free from sin because he had been to Mecca, acted as a guide. He suffered from an intense hatred of Napoleon, and quoted his many acts of vandalism, more especially at this particular mosque; he also told me how some economically minded minister at Cairo had reduced one year, by I forget how much, the enormous sum that is sent with the holy carpet annually to Mecca, and how the holy carpet had been 'held up' by the Bedouins till the usual amount was disgorged. After lunch another visit to the Museum, of which I believe one could never have enough.

Friday, 2nd February.—Of to-day there is no good to record. An 11 A.M. train took us down to Port Said, and deposited us there to make the best of the place—a difficult task—till the *Niger* sailed again at 8 P.M. All the passengers, except ourselves and one man, were intending to land at Jaffa—I only remember the one man by the fact that I discovered he was 'travelling' in something, and did not know that he ought to have a passport. Tig tried to disturb him by assuring him that he could not possibly land at Beyrout without it—his old trick with me—but I heard afterwards that he

had landed, though whether with any difficulty or not, I don't know. But after all the great point is to land. That is just what the people going to Jerusalem meant to do at Jaffa, but though we got outside Jaffa at daylight on the 3rd, there was so much sea on, that none of the row-boats would, or could put out; neither passengers nor mail could be landed, for there is no harbour for large ships, and a dangerous reef of rocks into the bargain. In fine weather steamers can come within about a mile and land by means of the large row-boats that put out from shore to bring them off. Our good boat the *Niger* tossed about for hours, and eventually about midday, to my joy, broke her cable and carried us off, Jerusalem tourists and all, to Beyrout, where we arrived about eight in the evening, but, of course, were not allowed into the harbour. I don't know what had happened to the bilge water on the *Niger* between Alexandria and here, but at any rate it seemed to have got loose somehow, and the stench in the cabins, in consequence, was horrible. It was with fervent prayers that I should never be ill-fated enough to see her again that we landed at Beyrout next morning, and drove to the Hotel d'Orient. The view of the town from St. George's Bay is very picturesque: Mount Hermon

stands out among the other Lebanon peaks, and at this time of the year was snow-crowned. The bay itself is called after the English tutelary saint who is supposed to have killed his dragon hereabouts. As Murray's guide-book says there is an excellent carriage road out to the Dog river, we were foolish enough to believe it and take it, and I think it is one of the bumpiest roads I ever had the discomfort of driving over. In going through the village of Antelias the hired carriage pulls up, as a matter of course, in front of the Church of St. Eliai, which they say is the most ancient Christian church in existence. It looks as if it were built the day before yesterday, and no creed could compensate for the utter ugliness of the building. I think one is really stopped here to give the horses breathing time after their very jolty journey: one then bumps on out to the Dog river, which has received many aristocratic visitors, from the Egyptian gentleman who, like Brer Fox, 'kep' on refusing to let the Children of Israel go, down to the Emperor of Germany, both of whom erected tablets commemorative of their visit. Of the nine sculptured tablets, Murray says that three are adjudged to be Egyptian and six Assyrian. Some authorities think that Sennacherib, the builder of one of the Koyunjik palaces, had the

whole six tablets set up during his expedition, but this does not seem very probable; at least five Assyrian monarchs either invaded or passed through this country on their way to Egypt—Pul, Tiglath-Pileser, Shalmaneser, Sargon, and Sennacherib. The three Egyptian tablets bear the cartouches of Ramses II, Moses' contemporary. Layard writing of these tablets says: 'The epoch of Sesostris (Ramses II) covered the last half of the fourteenth century B.C. Sennacherib is supposed to have ascended the throne in B.C. 703. And looking back from our day, the Assyrian tablets have continued to commemorate the progress of the Assyrian hosts for more than twenty-five centuries, while those of Egypt, if proceeding from Sesostris, have celebrated his prowess for thirty-one centuries. They reach back to hoary antiquity, even to the earliest days of the Judges of Israel, before Jerusalem was known.'

In the inscriptions of the Assyrian kings now in the British Museum, 'the Great Sea,' the Mediterranean, is often alluded to: and in the inscriptions of Ashur-nasir-pal there are several mentions of it. The following is one of his modest records:—

> Ashur-nasir-pal, the great king, the mighty king, the
> king of hosts, the king of Assyria,

> . . . . . . the mighty king,
> the king of hosts, the king of Assyria, who hath conquered from beyond
> the Tigris even to Mount Lebanon
> and the Great Sea, and all the countries
> from the rising of the sun unto the setting of the same
> hath thrown into subjection under his feet.

And again,

> At the command of Ashur the great lord, my lord,
> and Ninib, who loveth my priesthood,
> Unto Mount Lebanon I marched,
> And unto the Great Sea I went up.
> In the Great Sea
> I washed my weapons
> And offerings unto my gods I made.

The environs of Beyrout are very pretty, and a drive round by the Pigeon's Grotto and pine-woods is distinctly to be recommended. We did this on the afternoon of the fifth; and wishing to buy the best map we could obtain of Mesopotamia, and the scene of our future travel, those we had from London being decidedly poor, we were directed to a printing press belonging to the missionaries. Personally I spell 'the Saviour's name with a little g,' so I did not approve of spending money in such a place, but it seemed the only possible chance of getting a map at all, and they only had one printed in Arabic.

In the evening the dragoman who was to take

charge of us on our expedition turned up. Jerusalem and the Holy Land generally was his 'common round,' but he had written down on a piece of paper, which he could not find, the name of the place we wanted to go to, Mosul, and he said he would do his best to try and get us there, though he had never heard of anyone going there before; and he was Cook's 'first dragoman.' He busied himself about getting our 'teskerehs' made out, without which you are not able to go a yard in the Sultan's dominions, but as some Mohammedan festival was on, all the government offices were shut, so we merely filled in some forms that asked all sorts of indiscreet questions, as to one's age, &c. I filled myself in as born in 1800, and, don't mention it, by religion free-thinking; but these were too nice distinctions for the Turks, and I was formally entered on my 'teskereh' as forty and a Christian —in contradiction to a Mohammedan, I suppose —and as it was all written in Arabic, I do not know whether the rest of the details were as inaccurate as these two.

Tuesday the 6th we spent making arrangements with Cook for our caravan, which he is to send up by road to Damascus, where it will join us on the 12th; also in selecting stores from a Beyrout grocer—a fine chance for him to get rid

of his antiquated goods, which, I must say, he took. After dark we tried a couple of horses that had been out all day and every day since the Mohammedan festival began; we could not see anything of them, but as they did not fall down under us, we expressed ourselves satisfied, and they are to join us with the rest of the caravan at Damascus.

Charles, the dragoman, says they are 'real Arab horses,' and we take his word for them in the darkness.

Off by the 7 A.M. train on the 7th for Baalbek. The Beyrout railway station is in the middle of the street, opposite the port. The line passes through the town, crosses the Damascus road, and then passes through mulberry trees on either hand, cultivated for the rearing of silk-worms. It is a narrow gauge railway to Damascus, a distance of 94 miles, and the scenery is quite lovely. As the train begins to climb the Lebanon mountains, a beautiful view is obtained of the olive groves, Beyrout itself, and the sea. Every scrap of land is under cultivation, and most of the houses belong to the Druses. The Druses are a peculiar sect of Moslems, and are supposed to practice their religion with much mystery, and to use masonic signs; they are a mountaineering race, and are a fine, well-built people; they

believe in the transmigration of souls, and I believe—for it is simpler on these occasions to believe what you are told, when you have no manner of means to contradict it—that just inside the threshold of a Druse house stand two pitchers, one with water, the other without: the correct thing on entering is to pour the full one into the empty one, symbolising the passing of the soul from one body to another. Charles gave me this bit of information, but he often vouchsafed to me bits, sometimes authentic, sometimes not, for like many Orientals and other delightful people, he tried to guess at the sort of thing he thinks you expect of him, and then gives it you, quite regardless of its relation to the truth.

When the train reaches Ain Sofar, at the top of the Lebanon range, it passes through a tunnel, and then begins descending into the Bekaa Valley (5000 feet below), which lies between it and the Anti-Lebanon. After forty-one miles it gets to Reyak junction, where the line divides, the narrow gauge continuing to Damascus, and a broad gauge line, called the 'Damas Hauran et Prolongements,' going as far as Hamah. We had an excellent lunch at Reyak, and then got into another train for Baalbek, where we arrived a little after two. Here we 'descended' at the Grand New Hotel, an ugly, staring building, with

no trees or shrubs near it, but a fine view of the ruins from its balcony. We lost no time in going to see them, with Michel Along as guide. He is a local celebrity, and combines a love of the ruins with an intelligent knowledge of them. He has, indeed, published a very interesting booklet about them, which is translated into English; and he also has had the advantage of picking the brains of the German archæologists, who have just completed their excavations here. They have cleared the walls to their foundations, supported old arches, restored columns, and altogether preserved, in a very careful manner, one of the most interesting relics of architecture.

Michel Along pays the Turkish Government about £160 a year for the right of the ruins, and he charges one mijidie (3*s.* 4*d.*) entrance.

Baalbek, or 'the city of Baal on the Beka'a,' is much disputed over by archæologists; its building is attributed amongst others, to giants in Nimrod's days, to Egyptians, and to Phœnicians: probably the last is the correct theory, and the Græco-Romans in the early part of the Christian era redecorated, and, in a great measure, reconstructed it. The columns, and a good deal more of it, give one the impression of bad Roman, and I think it owes most of its impressiveness to its site and size. Tourists are taken to gape in



VIEW FROM THE HOTEL BALCONY, BAALBEK



amazement at three colossal blocks of stone that are built into the west wall of the temple; these measure respectively 64 ft., 63½ ft., and 63 ft. in length, and their transverse sections are 14 ft. by 11 ft. How they were ever moved from the quarry to the temple, and placed into position in the wall, is ground for endless conjecture.

In the evening we shared the hotel dining-room with a Belgian engineer working on the railway line, which it is hoped will reach Aleppo by September (1906). He gave an amusing account of the difficulties they have with the Turks in making the railway; the system of backsheesh that has to be paid to the villages through which it passes, &c.; he also says that they often dig up 'antiquities' in making the line, and other traces of an ancient civilisation, but that they are so closely watched that the least 'find' is immediately taken by the Turkish officials.

We found the 'arak' of Baalbek a distinctly good brew, and ordered Charles to lay in some for our journey.

Thursday, the 8th, we walked out to Ras-el-Ain, to quote Murray, 'a lovely spot, where the crystal water, bursting from the earth in copious supply, fills a large basin surrounded by grassy fields.' The water is clear enough, certainly, but there is a great deal of slimy-looking weed

in it, which, I should think, accounts for the ill-health of the inhabitants of Baalbek; they are extremely sickly looking, and I hear, when the cholera visited them, they died like flies. From Ras-el-Ain we walked to the quarries, where one gigantic block of stone, evidently ready cut for moving, still remains. It is 69·3 ft., its breadth 14 ft., and its height 15·8 ft., estimated to weigh 1470 tons. No one knows why it was never utilised.

In the afternoon we went over the beautiful Temple of Venus, which is a little distance from the Great Temples, and then wandered about the ruins for the rest of the daylight. In the Temple of Jupiter the German Emperor has put a tablet, with an inscription in German and Turkish, to commemorate his visit here; the German archæologists have removed everything they found of any worth to Germany, and nothing is left in the shed which they put up in the ruins, and which is styled 'Museum,' but broken fragments of statues and a few worthless Roman and Arabic remains.

Within reach of Baalbek are the far-famed 'cedars of Lebanon,' said to be from 3000 to 4000 years old. It was from here, *on dit*, that David took the timber for his palace; they also supplied beams for the Temple of Diana, at



COLUMNS IN THE TEMPLE OF BAAL.



Ephesus; and cedar wood has been found in the ruins of the palaces of the Assyrian kings.

In the annals of Tiglath-Pileser we read:

> A palace of cedar-wood
> And a palace of urkarinna-wood, and a palace of pistachio-wood
> And a palace of tamarisk-wood
> In my city of Ashur I constructed. Two dolphins, and four . . . beasts
> And four lions of . . . stone, and two colossal bulls
> Of alabaster, and two . . . beasts of white limestone
> I fashioned, and in the gates thereof set them up.

Layard, in describing Sennacherib's palace at Koyunjik (Nineveh), says, 'The ceiling, roof, and beams were probably of cedar-wood, as the King of Nineveh, as we learn from the inscriptions, sent men, precisely as Solomon had done, to cut it in Mount Lebanon.'

And in an Assyrian inscription, from the Temple of Makhir, in the city of Imgur-Bêl:

> Unto Mount Lebanon
> I went, and beams of cedar,
> And cypress and juniper I cut down.
> The beams of cedar for this temple
> I took, and doors of cedar
> I fashioned, and with coverings of bronze I bound them,
> And I fixed them in the gates thereof.

Who was St. Pantaleo of Baalbek, or what have I read about him, or where? His name is

lying about loose in my head, not linked with anything else in my mind.

We left Baalbek on the 9th by the 11 A.M. train, and lunched again at Reyak; then we got into the Beyrout-Damascus train, and travelled to Damascus, in company with three Greek Catholic or Melchites priests. (The name 'Melchites' means 'Royalists,' though the origin of it is not clear.) Charles, coming to gossip at the train door, said he had heard that their patriarch at Damascus had just died, and they were hurrying up with all speed to his funeral, and to assist at the election of a new patriarch: he also said that the rather handsome priest, who sat opposite me, was in the running as his successor. I had a dumb flirtation with him on the way up, over my map of Syria, in which he took much interest.

After Reyak the train takes a north-easterly direction, crossing the valley of the Bekaa (which reminded me of the Messara plain in Krete), till Yafûfeh is reached. Here Seth is said to be buried! Now the train ascends to El Zehedâni, 3980 feet above the sea; then it enters the gorge of the Barada, the river on which Damascus is situated. About thirty miles out of Damascus a French company is building an electric station, utilising the volume of water





RIVER BARADA, OR ABANA.

that rushes down here to supply Damascus with electric light and tramways in the near future. We arrived about 4.30, and drove up to the Hotel Victoria, one side of which is on the river. This river, the Barada or Abana, by the way, is the one which Naaman the leper referred to when Elisha told him to wash in Jordan. With local pride he said, 'Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel; may I not wash in them, and be clean?' I should not have thought that you could wash in it and expect to be clean, unless it has altered considerably since Naaman's days.

Of course, we lost little time at the hotel before starting off to see what we could of the town that evening. The weather was cloudy, and they evidently had been having heavy rain. In our English way we walked from the hotel, following the River Abana till it disappears in the large, open square, or Place de Serail. But I cannot describe in cold blood, and colder ink, what the mud of Damascus is like. After walking twenty yards you will wonder, perhaps, why you did it, but it will then be too late—you would be ashamed to get into no matter what description of carriage with that amount of mud on you; it would be a waste of ink to try and give an idea of it. I have seen many dirty

towns, and much filth, but I think Damascus, in the rain, beats any of them: families of dogs lie about in the roads, and, once you are in the bazaars, you have to look out for being driven over, or stepped on by a camel, or a string of them, or by mules, donkeys, thorough-bred mares—all that crowds down the dark, picturesque streets. Most of the bazaars are covered in; and by the time they have the electric tram going down the street 'which is called Straight,' I should think the only use for the pedestrian will be to furnish meat for the inquest. But the bazaars are the most interesting I have ever seen in the East for variety of types and costumes. As excellent Murray says, you see 'the Circassian, the Anatolian, the wild Bedouin sheikh, the fat, oily, cunning, money-making Jew, the warlike-looking Druse, the rough Kurd, the sleek, fawning, frightened Christian, the grave, sinister Moslem, the self-possessed Persian, the waddling Turk, the quiet, deep-looking Afghan, the dark and trusty Algerine. Every costume of Asia, every sect of religion, all talking different tongues, all bringing their wares to sell or coming to buy.' We wandered through the Saddle Market, the Coppersmith's quarter, the Old-clothes Bazaar, or Suk el Kumeleh, which

literally means 'louse-market,' and then paddled through the mud again, back to the hotel.

The fascinating part about Damascus is that you feel the centuries have made so little change in it: what it is to-day it might have been in the time of Paul—the same costumes, the same trades, the same mode of life. Next to Constantinople it has been the most important centre of religion and teaching. Its schools of theology were attended by students from all over the Moslem world. Two of Mohammed's wives and his daughter Fatima are said to be buried in one of the cemeteries; at any rate, their tombs are shown. It is from Damascus that the *Haj* starts annually to Mecca with the holy carpet, about a thirty-eight days' march, though the pilgrimage generally covers four months. Now a railway is being built that will take the pilgrims a good part of the way by train: it has already got south of the Dead Sea. It is not a difficult line to lay, but the great drawback is lack of water. Damascus is frequently mentioned in the Bible in Genesis, and again in David and Solomon's time. In the sixth century Syria was governed by a Persian satrap, resident in Damascus, till the battle of Issus B.C. 333 proved fatal to Persian rule. Syria, Phœnicia, and Palestine next yielded to Alexander the

Great. It then became Roman and Byzantine, until the Arabs invaded Syria in 633. In sixteen years more Damascus was made the capital of the Mohammedan Empire, which then reached from the Atlantic to the borders of India; it never fell to the Crusaders, in spite of several attempts, and 'the Moslem boasts that it has never been polluted by the feet of an infidel ruler since the day when the soldiers of Mohammed first entered it.' In 1395 the Tartars captured the city, and took away all the famous armourers as prisoners who carried on their art at Samarkand and Khorasan, since when it has no longer been famous for its blades.

I went to bed early and tried to sleep, but the dogs barked all night, and when morning came I discovered that one of their pet muck-heaps was just outside my bedroom window; and it interrupted my dressing sorely, watching them hunting through it and quarrelling over it, only to be drawn away if a strange dog dared to cross the adjacent bridge, when they would forget their differences and join together, either to attack him or hunt him away, with the most diabolical yapping, and snarling, and barking. They sleep in the middle of the day, if they sleep at all, and they generally evolve a comfortable position in the middle of the road, and the

coachmen are fined if they dare to drive over them: where they die they lie, for the only dirt they do not appear to eat is themselves; that they are not cannibals is the only virtue I know in them.

Saturday, 10*th*.— Pouring wet morning: after lunch drove to the bazaars, where it does not so much matter if it is raining, as they are mostly roofed in, the older ones of masonry, and the modern ones of corrugated iron; the carriage also turned up some lanes or alleys, where it would have been quite impossible to pass another one—even a foot passenger has to make himself very flat against the wall to prevent getting squashed. We looked in the bazaars for presents with which to propitiate the Bedouins. Charles thought we could tickle their fancy with red pocket handkerchiefs, spotted with white, made in Manchester, so we invested in fifty of these, though I cannot believe in their efficacy myself—*Nous verrons*. Then we went to buy head-dresses for riding in, something suitable for sun, rain, or wind. Tig bought for sixteen shillings a many coloured 'kuffiyeh,' or shawl, generally made of silk or cotton, and fastened by a cord, which goes twice round the forehead. Mine, more sombre in colour, cost thirty, which I thought very extravagant, but Tig said he would

'sock' it me, so I took it. They fit over a little camel's hair skull cap.

A drive in Damascus, after two days' rain, is a thing 'apart.' Regular lakes of water, mud that would come over an ordinary boot without the least hesitation; a splash from head to foot by a passing donkey; smells that vary from putrid sheep, to simple W.C.; roads whose paving-stones have got loose, and stuck up, and are likely to remain so, unless some extra heavy passing wheel knocks them down again—these were my rough impressions of a drive in the Meidân at Damascus.

The Meidân is the street by which the *Haj* leaves for Mecca, and it extends for one and a half miles from the city, in a southerly direction, like a long handle. The road is a broad one, with shops and storehouses on each side, also several picturesque mosques; it terminates in a gateway called the Bawwabeh Allah, or 'Gates of God.'

Tig and Charles started out in the morning to find the English pro-consul. Tig came back, very wet and angry, to say that they had driven, first, about four miles—I made allowance for his feelings in the mud and rain—to find that they had not arrived at the pro-consul's house at all, but at his brother's. You never get to a thing

direct in Turkey. The brother's servant-maid had re-directed them to the real place, and after another four miles' drive, according to Tig, they got there to find that the consul was out, attending the funeral service of the Greek Patriarch. Tig was just about to leave a card saying that he would call again in the course of the afternoon, when Charles proposed to run the pro-consul to ground in the Greek Church. Tig demurred, suggesting, in his British manner, that perhaps a funeral service in a church was not the best time or place to talk business in. But Charles scoffed at this notion, and eventually proved right, for when they got to the church the scene was a perfect pandemonium. The only person not making a noise was the corpse, decked out in full dress, and propped up on his throne or chair. A man was preaching, and screaming himself hoarse in his efforts to be heard over the Babel of voices; everyone in the 'congregation' was talking and chattering. My Greek priest of the train had a prominent seat in the chancel, with a wonderful black and gold gown, gossiping away as fast as any of them; and the Mohammedans seemed as much interested as the Greeks, for there were quantities of them in the church; and when, at the end of the service, the catafalque was carried out, there was

a general rush for the coign of vantage with a good view, and some little street arabs nearly brought a wooden pulpit down by climbing up its side. I'm sure the pro-consul would have been quite ready to talk business, but Tig preferred to follow him home; he found him the stupidest old poop under creation. He had gone to ask him whether escort was necessary for us on the way to Mosul (ancient Nineveh), and for letters to the various authorities on our route. He said our 'teskerehs' would be quite sufficient, that we needed no letters; and Tig was taking his word for it, and going to leave it at that, merely telling him that we should start on Monday morning, the twelfth, when the consulate clerk, who seemed much more intelligent, said that he thought letters were necessary because of changing escort. 'Escort,' repeated the pro-consul, 'what escort? Where are they going to?' He, apparently, had not the least idea where Mosul was, though Tig had told him that was our '*but*' at the beginning of the interview, and he had to be shown where it was on the map. The word 'escort' seemed to frighten him, and he was not at all keen to take any responsibility. Finally it was arranged that Charles should go to his office in the town hall on Monday, Tig impressing on him that we must

leave on Tuesday, the 13th, at latest. So are affairs 'hurried through' in the East; the old consul did not seem to stir himself more than a knot on a log.

Charles said something desperately funny after dinner in the salon, before a highly respectable looking crowd of tourists, but that, in the fortunate phrase, 'is another story' . . . also utterly unfit for publication, at any rate in English!

Sunday, 11*th*.—To-day was fine, except for a short shower in the afternoon, but no diminution of the mud in the streets: we drove to see the chapel of St. Ananias, not the gentleman who told such a lie that he tumbled down dead, but the one described in Acts ix. as 'a certain disciple at Damascus named Ananias,' to whom the Lord in a vision said, 'Arise, and go into the street which is called Straight, and enquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul of Tarsus.' It is a curious, little, underground place, evidently very old, in which the Christians used to meet secretly during the persecution times; to reach it one has to walk a short distance on foot through narrow and filthy alleys.

It is the regular tourist custom to drive round the walls of Damascus, and to stop to see certain things, so we accordingly did this now.

Everyone is shown the spot in the very obviously Turkish wall, at least six centuries later than St. Paul, where he was let down by a basket, and, as the history of most of the 'faithful' is decidedly shaky, I dare say they gaze at the place with a certain amount of emotion. What is really more interesting is the little house on the top of the wall: it must have been from a very similar house that Rahab the harlot let down the spies 'by a cord through the window: for her house was upon the town wall, and she dwelt upon the wall.'

Almost opposite is the tomb of St. George, who ever he may be, for I could not quite make out. Murray's guide-book says it is not the renowned saint of that name, but a humble porter, who, according to tradition, assisted St. Paul to escape, and, in consequence, suffered martyrdom. So far so bad, for on the tomb there is a framed picture of he of the dragon. It does not much matter anyway. They also point out a large vault near this tomb in which were buried the remains of those Christians killed in the 1860 massacres. Fourteen thousand were said to have been murdered in Syria, six thousand of whom were killed in Damascus alone.

Further on there are enormous manure-heaps,

which are kept outside the walls to dry, and then sold as fuel for heating the Turkish baths, &c.; the house of Naaman the leper is also pointed out, it is a leper hospital. By the thoughtfulness of the priests, who have moved the site of St. Paul's conversion, for the convenience of tourists, the faithful can now visit it, and the house of Naaman, and the tomb of St. George, in one day. Constant marks of solicitude for the tourist are shown in this way. They say that the house of Simon the tanner used to be at a certain place in Jaffa, but when the steamers, for some reason, changed the landing-place, the house changed, too, to give the tourists time to visit it during the short interval that their vessel stayed there.

By the Bâb-es-Saghir (the small gate) is a big cemetery, where one is shown the tomb of three of Mohammed's wives, and Fatima his daughter. At the west gate of the city, at one end of Straight street, is a mosque, the Jami'a es-Sinânieh, which has a pretty blue and green tile minaret, but nothing particular to see inside. The Saddler's bazaar is very picturesque, and worth going through; though I fear when the *Haj* is made by rail instead of road the demand will cease for the gay trappings, saddle-bags, and saddlery, worsted breastplates for mules, gold embroidered saddle-cloths, and the various silver

and brass ornaments with which an Arab loves to decorate his horse or mule. Beyond this bazaar is a huge, old plane tree, 40 feet in circumference, inside the trunk of which is a shop.

After lunch we drove to the Great Mosque, a vast building, large enough to have been divided into two, one half for Moslems, and the other for Christians, in its early history; the oldest part of it must be pagan, perhaps a century before the Christian era. It has three times been on fire, the last time in 1893, and they have not finished its restoration yet. The interior strikes the visitor by its size, and the fine carpets with which the floor is covered; it is divided into three aisles by columns with Corinthian capitals. Once the walls were covered with mosaics, but there is very little mosaic work left now. The head of St. John the Baptist, or what passes for his head, is preserved in a shrine in the centre of the building; surely a curious relic to meet with in a mosque. We climbed one of the minarets, of which there are three, for the sake of the view, which is more curious than beautiful. The roofs of the houses are flat, and mud-coloured. There are very few trees in the town itself, and the corrugated iron roofs on some of the more modern bazaars give an ugly note to the view; the domed roofs mark the Turkish baths,

though the Khans, where the caravans put up, have the same domes. Beyond the city are the mountain-ranges, which, with the olive groves, seem to lack colour: Mount Hermon, snow-capped, is visible in the distance. The Moslems have a tradition about one of the minarets, Mâdinet Isa, the Minaret of Jesus, that when Jesus comes to judge the world He will first descend on this minaret. In the court-yard is a curious little building supported by eight columns, said to contain most precious manuscripts, and reputed to be never opened; this gives it the interest of a Bluebeard's chamber at once in my eyes. Close by is the tomb of Saleh-ed-din, whose father, Ayub, a chief of a Kurdish tribe, was governor of Tekrit for the Seljukian monarchs of Persia. Saleh-ed-din was born at Tekrit, and conquered the Crusaders, and took Jerusalem in 1187; he made Damascus his capital, and died in 1193. He and his son are buried side by side, and at one end of the sarcophagus is a faded bunch of flowers, placed there by the Kaiser during his visit in 1898. He also sent, on his return to Berlin, a wreath of silver and gilt, with a decoration, in the shape of a Maltese cross; the monks, of course, could not place that in a Moslem tomb, and they have had to build a little projection for it, divided off from the tomb by a

partition of glass. I do not know if 'the Admiral of the Atlantic' wrote 'from one Hero to another' on the wreath, but I should not be surprised. The inhabitants do not talk of him with much love, and, apparently, he was ill-advised in some of the things he did. I know nothing of decorations, far less German ones, but some of those he distributed were this same Maltese cross, and when the people of Damascus saw their bigwigs wearing it round their necks, they thought they were being Christianised, and were almost making an insurrection, till they were re-assured by being told that these decorations would never be worn after the Emperor left. And I do not expect they ever have been.

Some of the private houses are supposed to be worth seeing, so we went to one of the regular show ones, a Jewish house, called the Salon Chambaya. Quite the most pleasing thing there was a pretty young Jewess; the court-yard was nothing extraordinary, and the salon was an uncomfortable looking room, in various coloured marbles. I dare say to some tastes it is beautiful; I did not think it worth the bother of having got out of the carriage to see.

The caravan turned up from Beyrout in the evening, having experienced very bad weather over the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon.





N. PASHA.

Monday, 12*th*.—A pouring wet morning, but after lunch it cleared up, and we rode over from the hotel to the town hall to see the dragoman of the English pro-consul, to find out if he had made any arrangements for our departure. He told us that we had better go in to see the governor of Damascus, N. Pasha,[1] ourselves, which we accordingly did. He received us with the usual courteous, dignified manner of the Turkish gentleman, and, as he spoke French, we were able to explain to him the route we wished to take, without the intermediary of an interpreter. We said that we heard it was necessary to have escort as far as Palmyra, so would he kindly give us two soldiers for to-morrow morning, Tuesday, as we proposed to start at six o'clock. 'And, after Palmyra,' he asked, 'do you return?' 'Oh no,' we said, 'then we continue to Deir, on the Euphrates, and go across the desert to Mosul.' 'And next?' he inquired. 'Then, probably, back to Aleppo *viâ* Diabeker, though we might, possibly, go through Baghdad and Busrah.' The places were pointed out to him on the map, and when we thought that all was

[1] I have followed with much interest N. Pasha's subsequent career since the advent of the Young Turkish Party. In the late eventful times at Constantinople he was gazetted to the command of the First Army Corps.

just on the point of being settled, he said to us, 'Of course, I cannot possibly authorise your going.'

'Why not?' we gasped.

'Well, the route is extremely dangerous; there has been no rain (!)' (in the absence of marines he beguiled us with this tale) 'and consequently the Bedouin are all on the move; I have telegrams coming in every few minutes asking me to send troops to suppress them, and also,'—he was speaking French—'you English are very *mal vu* at this moment, on account of the affair at Akaba; I could not possibly take the responsibility of letting you go.'

'But we have come on purpose; the caravan is engaged, the actual meat ordered for our start to-morrow morning.'

He hardened his heart, however, more than Pharaoh; he absolutely refused to undertake the responsibility of allowing us to leave. We offered to sign a paper taking all risks on ourselves, to go without escort; but he said if we did the latter, we should merely be turned back at the first village. We asked him what was the next step to take, to whom should we apply, for, as all our arrangements were made, we meant to go somehow. He suggested our wiring to the British ambassador at Constantinople, to ask leave of that Grand

Master of the Circuitous, the Sublime Porte. We asked if he could give us any idea of when we might expect an answer; he raised his shoulders expressively as a reply. We told him that the ways are long to Mosul, and our days few, as I was obliged to be in England by April. This moved him as much as if I had never spoken. Might we expect an answer in a few days—a week—two? and looked at him with a sort of Allah-bin-Akhar (God is Great) and you-are-his-prophet expression on our faces. He said we might, perhaps, hear in ten days, and 'gave us to understand' that this would be delirious speed for a Turkish official. I informed him that I should come every day to try him with rhetoric, or, as Aristotle defined it, the art of persuasion. He replied that in every other thing in the world I was merely to show him the very needle's eye of my desire and he would thread it, or something that sounded very like it; he seemed to have heaps of reasons not clearly made out, but no doubt sufficient why we should not start; and the result had more weight with me than his arguments. I had my own opinion on the Bedouin, but was too wise to express it. He said his reasons were very serious; and I felt if you looked about hard enough perhaps one might find the seriousness;

but on the other hand you might not. It struck me that the one way to meet the problem was to start next morning at any rate, and see what happened, but this suggestion was set aside at once. I made it on my way down the town hall steps, and we went back, sorrowfully, to the hotel, with a vague but growing sense of many unprecedented things in Turk-land, and a journey to Mosul-land seemed to be a complication of moves and checks, and present a tangle that Allah alone could unknot; and we foolish beings had thought that all we need do was to go there —now there was 'nowhere to sit—but down.' We had had to ask N. Pasha, *who* was ambassador at Constantinople, by the way, and we now proceeded to send him a long and expensive telegram, telling him by what route we purposed going to Mosul, and how back; telling him that Pharaoh wouldn' t let us go, and asking him to get leave from the Sublime Porte as quickly as possible.

The British consulate dragoman came to talk over our 'impasse' with us, and was followed by S. Bey, sent by N. Pasha to call on us, and to inquire if he could do anything to amuse us. I bombarded him with questions as to why we were not allowed to start without more ado, but he had a sort of lock-without-the-key smile, and

declared that it was impossible for N. Pasha to let us go: I was not so easy of faith about that. We tried to explain our point of view to him, and told him that we were obliged to look at things from it, which he seemed to think very unnecessary. He suggested we should go to Petra, which, he said, was much more interesting than Nineveh; and as he had not been to either place himself, his opinion naturally impressed one. He took leave of us, and in less than half an hour a packet arrived of photos of Petra, and the following little account of it, type-written, which I had the idleness to copy out:—

'La ville de Petra—ce nom grec est la traduction verbale du nom indigène Sela, c'est à dire, rocher . . . était la capitale du royaume des Nabatéens, qui s'étendit au sud jusqu'à Teima, en Arabie au nord jusqu'à Damas. Il n'est pas possible de déterminer les frontières à l'Est, en Arabie; toutefois il est probable que les rois riches et puissants ont exercé une certaine influence sur les tribus arabes de l'intérieur.

Les pays dont se composait ce royaume, étaient une grande partie du Hidjaz, la presqu'île de Sinaï, la Palestine méridionale, la Belka, Adjlun, Hauran, et la région de Damas.

La plupart de ces pays étaient déjà dans l'antiquité si pauvres qu'à présent. Aussi la grandeur du royaume, sa puissance et sa richesse qui était proverbielle dans le monde ancien ne pouvaient pas naître de l'agriculture ni de l'industrie. Elles avaient comme source unique le grand commerce international.

Petra était le grand entrepôt du commerce, qui se

faisait entre les Indes et l'Arabie du Sud avec les pays de la Méditérranée. Ce commerce, qui représentait les relations entre l'Asie et l'Europe se faisait sur une seule ligne de communication, qui traversait le royaume des Nabatéens du Sud au Nord. Les bateaux qui arrivaient du Sud, déchargeaient leurs marchandises dans le port de Lenké Komé, probablement Widj ou Yambo d'où elles furent réembarquées pour l'Europe. Ce commerce a dû avoir une étendue, dont il est difficile de se faire une idée exacte. Un auteur romain du l^er^ siècle après J. Chr. rapporte que les caravanes étaient si nombreuses, qu'elles resemblaient à des armées. Cette grande route longeait très probablement la côte de la Mer Rouge jusqu'à Akaba, où une autre route la reliait avec l'Egypte, et s'engageait dans le desert actuel jusqu'à Petra, et de là elle allait vers l'Ouest à Ghazza.

C'était par ce monopole du transit internationale, que les Nabatéens ont acqui leurs richesses.

La chute du royaume n'a pu avoir pour cause qu'une déviation de cette ligne de communication à une autre.

On ne peut pas encore prouver, mais il est probable, que sous l'Empereur Alexandre Sévère (né à Akka) vers 225 après J. Chr. ce changement de la grande route internationale ce fit, en faveur de la ville de Palmyre (Tadmur). Au moins, à partir de cette date on n'a plus de monuments à Petra.

Les origines de ce royaume sont obscures. Les premières nouvelles de son existence ne datant que de l'époque d'Alexandre le Grand vers 330 avant J. Chr. malgré que le nom de Petra (Sela) ait été mentionné déjà dans la Bible. Alexandre le Grand conquit Ghazza, le port septentrional du royaume; dans toute la Syrie et la Palestine il n'y a eu que deux villes qui ont opposé au conquéreur une résistence sérieuse, c'étaient les deux villes de commerce Tyre et Ghazza.

Sous les successeurs d'Alexandre le Grand, les Ptoleméens, la puissance des Nabatéens fut dominée, leur monopole commercial anéanti, et les étrangers grecs, syriens,

et égyptiens obtinrent accès à la ville, qui jusque là leur était défendue. Avec la décadence de la dynastie des Ptoleméens la puissance des Nabatéens aggrandit de nouveau et leur royaume fleurissait pendant plus que deux siècles (100 avant J. Chr. jusque 100 après J. Chr.).

Il finit par être annexé à l'empire romain, par l'Empereur Traiane en an 106 et formait désormait le 'Province Arabe.'

Mais la perte de l'indépendance politique n'entraîna pas la ruine de la ville, au contraire sa richesse et son importance augmentaient toujours sous la protection efficace de l'empire puissant. Ce n'était que vers l'an 225 après J. Chr. que la ville fut anéantie par une catastrophe dont nous ne pouvons que déviner les détails.

Voici la liste des rois nabatéens.

Arétas I vers 169 av. J. Chr.
Malichos I
Erotimus 139–103
Arétas II vers 97
Obodas I vers 93
Rab'el vers 86
Arétas III Philhellen 85–62
Obodas II 62–47
Malichos II 47–31
Obodas III 29–9
Arétas IV 9 av.–39 aprés J. Chr.
Malichos III 39–70
Rab'el II 70–96 ?
Malichos IV 96–106

Les habitants de ce royaume étaient de race arabe, mais les inscriptions qu'ils ont laissées, sont en langue araméenne, un dialecte très rapproché à celui de Palmyre. Ces inscriptions se trouvent dans toutes les villes du royaume, à El Higra, à Teima, Sinaï, Petra, Bosra, à Daméir; j'en ai trouvé une qui portait la date de 94 après J. Chr. Les monnaies furent frappées seulement dans trois villes : Petra, Bosra, et Dera (écrit par eux).

L'écriture nabatéene était la source de l'alphabet arabe qui s'est formée par certains changements des caractères nabatéennes, probablement à Petra même.

La religion des Nabatéens était le culte de deux dieux, le Dusares et la Allât; le lieu original de leur culte était Petra, mais plus tard leur adoration se répandit dans le royaume entier.'

A train that starts three times a week from Damascus and passes Petra is advertised in the hall of the hotel. We looked at it after dinner with a view of putting in time by going to Petra, perhaps, till the answer came from Constantinople. The train was advertised, however, at 12 A.M., midnight, which was too much for our Western intellects, so we told Charles to go and make inquiries at the station, and see how much it would cost to reserve a carriage for us.

13*th*.—We loafed in the bazaars in the morning, and towards sunset thought we would try our horses. We accordingly rode out to a place where a platform was erected to show Kaiser William the view of Damascus and 'the glory of it.' Mohammed is reputed to have looked at the city from a hill, too; but he never entered it, for tradition says that he was so enraptured with the scene that he turned away saying, 'Man can have but one paradise, and mine is above.'

After dinner S. Bey turned up, and asked us

to go to the theatre with him. We sat there for four whole hours, and, as Mark Twain said, 'Never understood anything but the thunder and lightning.' Most extraordinarily motonous music it seemed to me, but S. assured us it was beautiful, and the rest of the audience appeared to have no prejudices about music at all. We drank innumerable cups of coffee, and S. smoked his narghilé, and sent messages to the 'première danseuse' what she was to wear, and which she was to dance. She was a pretty Jewess called Rahlo, pronounced with a guttural noise in the middle; and a shocking red plush and tinsel dress, cut *à la princesse*, was no obstruction to divining that she had a very pretty little body of her own. S. tried to translate the songs to me, but I came away with a private idea that the American who said that 'when an Arab or a Turk makes a noise that suggests a painful attack of the colic, he is singing a love story; and when he appears to be crying out in pain for a crushed foot or finger, he is chanting a Moslem hymn,' explained better my impression of the music than all S. translations did for me.

14*th*.—In the forenoon, at the instigation of S. Bey, we went to call on N. Pasha, at his private residence in the suburbs of Damascus. He had just completed building himself a house

there, with a lovely view over the valley. His wife was not well enough to receive us, but two of his little daughters came in, and talked to us in French. He complained that he had much difficulty in getting them a suitable English governess, for the governess always wanted to go out for walks; and he had even had one who used to climb up the hill at the back of his house all alone. I don't know which is the worst offence to an Oriental mind, to go out afoot, or to be an unveiled female alone outside the house.

For the last two days the weather has cleared up, but the awful mud makes even driving a doubtful pleasure; and, of course, the only really interesting way to see the bazaars is to walk through them. Driving with S. Bey in the morning, he stopped the carriage to talk to a man in a green turban, whom he introduced to me as the Head of the Dervish in Damascus. I had read accounts of self-mutilating Dervishes, and was very anxious to see some, only knowing the howling and turning varieties. I therefore asked my new acquaintance whether he could not arrange an entertainment for us. He said that it was most strictly forbidden in Damascus, on account of its being a religious ceremony, for tourists offered large prices to see it. I insinuated that

it was poor fun being Head of the Dervish if he could not make his own arrangements, and I think my argument appealed to his Eastern mind, for he invited me to dinner and said he would see what could be done; I, on my side, promised to keep it a deadly secret. On inquiring what time I was expected to dinner, I was told three. And the entertainment? Oh, after dinner, about eight. This made me reflect, and it was finally settled that I should merely drop in for dessert about a quarter to eight, and with many pretty speeches on both sides—which mean nothing, but a forbiddal to life not to approach one without a certain ceremony—we took leave of each other, with a 'à ce soir' in Arabic.

On getting back to the hotel we found the dragoman from the English consulate dancing with excitement; a reply had just come from Constantinople saying we were to be allowed to start for Mosul at once, if not sooner. And indeed in a few minutes N. Pasha sent S. Bey round to tell us of it, and we were given to understand by the dragoman that the telegram had been most peremptory, which made me wonder if the British Embassy temper at Constantinople was particularly short with the Sublime Porte just then. Nothing had appeared about the Akaba affair in the papers, or, rather, we had seen

nothing; but there were many rumours afloat in the bazaar at Damascus of the territory-grabbing English; and to their mind Tig and I must be a part of the whole, or why should two sane-minded people insist on starting to Mosul where there was nothing to see when you got there? The telegram was to the effect that I and Tig were to be allowed to start for Mosul at once, and every facility put in our way, unless the governor could show urgent reasons to the contrary. According to S., N. Pasha declared that he could, but that he, S., had suggested might it not be unwise to declare that the Bedouin in his jurisdiction were out of hand? Was it not much wiser to convey the idea, always, that all was at its best in this best of all possible wilayets. The attractive part to me in all these people, who held one's destinies in their hand, was that one never knew what they might, or might not, be 'up to'; how much truth they were allowing to visit one—very little, I suspect. And what was so amusing in them was that when one 'bowled' them 'out' in a lie, they would only smile, shrug their shoulders, and say 'There is no such thing as truth'; and after a few days in their company one is probably quite certain that there is not; a few more days makes you think why should there be, and at length you

end up by feeling quite glad that there isn't. I never was much of a hand at the truth myself, but after a very few hours in this country I don't think I could speak it in any sort of weather.

Lying may be achieved, but one is born a diplomatist. I tried very hard to develop into the latter, for it was so very necessary here, but I did it so lamentably ill, that Tig spent his time begging me to give it up. I should have had to get up over-night to have outwitted S. Bey, who from the moment N. Pasha had first sent him to call, kept his place by my side with such splendid consistency, that I was obliged to wonder if he was there because he liked it, or because he had been told not to let the 'spies' out of his sight. I said, advisedly, a little further back, that the telegram said that 'I and Tig' were to be allowed to start, for, unfortunately, I am the bearer of a small title—quite an invisible one in England—but it evidently had quite a fictitious value in the East, and from now, henceforth, till I took ship again at Beyrout, I was styled the Emiri, or Princess. I tried to explain to S. Bey, so that he in turn might tell N. Pasha or anyone else that it might concern, that it was only, so to speak, two penn 'orth of title, merely given to my husband by 'the Gentleman at the end of the Mall' in a military

sense, as it would be given in a civil one to the organist who thumped the organ in the Royal Chapel for a sufficient number of years, or to the chemist who prepared boluses for the royal stomach sufficiently carefully. But all in vain; I had my trouble for my pains, and now nothing was good enough for my important self. I must be introduced to society; and I was nothing loth to be an Emiri, if it pleased them, and if it enabled me to meet all sorts of pleasant people, whom I should not have seen otherwise. We began with driving to call, in company with S. Bey, on Nackeeb-Il-Ashraf, who, we were told, is head of the Mohammedans here, and has to precede the *Haj* to Mecca. He was elderly, ill, and evidently holy, for I have a general idea that anyone in a green turban has a pass for Paradise, and his was altogether green. He had numerous grown-up 'sons' in the room, who did the honours; and I could not help wondering if he combined a passionate love of collecting antiquities with a little merchandising. He was sitting on a divan in a long-shaped room; and the centre of the room was occupied by a glass case, which ran the entire length, full of the most lovely china, both Eastern and Western, and other curios. The walls were hung with valuable carpets, armour, and more china; and we were

invited to walk about it, and look at it all. Then quantities of little cardboard boxes were brought to him, and he opened all these himself, unwrapping each treasure from its surrounding cloth, with all a lover's care. After an hour or so's visit, I asked to see his harem, so a message was sent to the ladies to make themselves lovely, and in about twenty minutes I was allowed to cross the threshold; but after shaking hands with them I saw we had reached the limits of our intercourse, so I returned to the china, in the selection of which Nackeeb had shown more taste than in his wives. We were taken downstairs to more rooms, full of very valuable china, mostly European, and one wondered how so much had managed to make its way to one Damascus collector. The magic that lies in things unknown, the same feeling that led Mrs. Bluebeard into trouble, here caused a momentary diversion. At one end of a room was an upright stone fountain, and I saw some large bottles of what looked like preserved vegetable marrow, standing on its ledge. I pointed at it inquiringly to one of the 'sons' who was with me, and he asked me, by signs, if I should like to taste it. Of course I would. What did he think I had come to the East for, except to taste everything? By this time the rest of the sons and Tig had joined

us, and amidst great gigglings a piece of the slippery substance was fished up between finger and thumb for me. I ate it, and always liking to do as I am done by, kept up my courage and told Tig he must have a bit too. These bits, I must explain, were just a size too big for a polite mouthful, but not being on our best manners Tig and I had put our piece in at one go. Our audience was delighted; giggling had given place to laughter, and I asked S. what the joke was. 'It is supposed to have an instantaneous amatory effect on you,' he explained. I looked at Tig to see what metamorphis was taking place in him, but he, mean fellow, was taking advantage of all eyes being fixed on the Emiri, to spit his piece out into his hand, and he afterwards managed to cast it behind a door. I had to smile heroically, and leave them to suppose anything pleasant they liked about me, whereas the only feeling I really had was a desire to be sick out aloud on the spot. I wondered if the poor ladies I had seen upstairs were brought up on it; if so I felt even sorrier for them than I had before.

After this fairly dull visit—for it is always dull to see lovely things, and then come away without any—S. Bey suggested a visit to the little Jewish actress of the night before. Why

not ? I am never limited in the interest I take in people by ethnological considerations, so we 'descended' from our carriage in the Jewish quarter, for Rahlo lived up an alley in which two people could not pass with comfort—far less a vehicle; and every Jew and Jewess who wasn't bedridden came out to their doorways to see us go past. Happy Rahlo, to have a visit from a real live Emiri! She, unconscious of the honour, was having a dress tried on at a dressmaker's in the quarter; but apparently the news soon reached her, for she came hurrying in, in blue plush this time, I think, with some false pearls round her neck, and other hall-marks of extreme fashion. She told me she had seen me in the box at the theatre the night before and had sung and danced for me alone—or this was how S. Bey put it, for he acted interpreter; and after we had all had coffee, for the thirtieth time since daylight, S. Bey begged her to sing to us, which after the usual amount of persuasion, she did. The words it would be a waste of ink for me to describe in a serious fashion. The air was the usual Arabic one, first on one nostril, and then on the other, so to speak; but the people who really interested me were S. Bey and Charles; they swayed their bodies about, to and fro in time with the song, groaning aloud—

they had the advantage over Tig and myself of knowing what the song was about—laughing, and showing their feelings by various noises and grimaces.

I tried to get attuned by recalling the lines—

> And Thou,
> Beside me singing in the Wilderness,
> Ah, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

But I think I was born without an ear for Arab music. Rahlo was very pretty, and when she kissed me on coming away if you think I gave a thought to her gooseberry tart singing you are wrong. We had to tear ourselves away, though, for dinner had to be extra early, and we were not allowed to say why. About half-past seven we drove off, S. Bey, Tig, and I; and it seemed to me that we drove a very long way. Suddenly, however, the carriage stopped, and we saw a Dervish—by their caps ye shall know them—with a lantern, which did little to dissipate the darkness. Him we followed on foot through many winding, narrow, ill-smelling streets; I, glad not to be able to see what I was putting my foot in, which is part of my nature—a great part I might say.

We eventually arrived at a building, whether a mosque or a dwelling-house I never guessed and forgot to ask, and there my head Dervish came

forward and led us in, through an ill-lit room, packed with people through whom we literally had to push our way, through a square of squatting Dervish at the far end of the room, behind which was a divan, on which we took up our positions cross-legged. Cross-legged perforce, for the backs of the Dervish forming one side of the square, were leaning against the divan, and I had elicited a 'cuss' from one already, by touching him with my infidel boot-leather as I climbed up into my place. We were joined by the head of the police, sent by N. Pasha's special order; so here we were, the policeman, Tig, S. Bey, myself and Charles in a line on the divan, then the Dervish square in front of us, and beyond that again a seething mass of Mussulmen, filling all the lower end of the room, and peering in at the door and two windows that were at the extreme end of the room. Two ill-trimmed German lamps gave an impressionist effect to the whole scene.

Involuntarily I remembered that Damascus is one of the most fanatical cities in the Moslem world, and that they are often killing Christians by way of keeping their hand in, but I had no time for more of such cheerful thoughts, for no sooner had we taken our places than some drums or tom-toms began to be beaten at the far end of

the room, and two small boys came into the centre of the square, and I could just see that they had a long skewer with two sharp ends, held in their teeth with the ends passing through the flesh at the side of their mouths, with weights attached to it. Similar skewers with weights passed through the skin on their shoulders, and were inserted at regular intervals, like the buttons on a page boy's livery, on either side down their bodies, which were naked, except for a loin cloth. The poor little fellows stood in the room during all the performance—over an hour—and it was only by their perspiration that one could judge of their pain—dark stoics of nine or ten, not more; and I wondered what thoughts were passing in the small brains behind their impassive little faces. Then a man advanced with a sword—it looked to me fairly blunt, even in the bad light, and this was treated with much ceremony; he handed it to a Dervish, who tried its blade with his hand, drew it through his lips, bowed over it, and then passed it on to the next.

When it had made the round of all the Dervish in the square, the man took it and proceeded to pass it, with many contortions, through his own body, while the tom-toms changed from a slow beat to a fast bang, and the Dervishes howled; and I wondered how he

managed, or whether he managed, to avoid passing it through his own liver, for it was his right side, just about where his liver should reside. The point came through the far side; there was no humbug, no doubt; the only thing was, there was no blood either, and I disappointedly concluded that probably the hole was made when he was the size of the small boys; and he passed it through the aperture as easily now as I should pass an earring through my pierced ear. He was succeeded by several men who seemingly gave themselves extreme agony with swords, but my faith was destroyed. There was a reality, however, in a big black nigger, who worked himself into such a state of ecstasy that he pulled down the nearest German lamp that hung from the ceiling, and began to crunch up the red-hot glass chimney by way of religious fervour; another gentleman stood in his socks on a brasier of red-hot coal. Why should my sceptical mind take the zest out of the performance by thinking that ten to one, or even without it, the socks were asbestos?

I suppose I was in the analytical mood that a bad dinner often produces. I tried to make my heart-beat flutter up into the hundreds, but apart from the *mise-en-scène* the performance was strictly dull. There seemed to be innumerable

believers ready to run swords through themselves as long as we liked, but after about a dozen of them, more or less similar, I used my prerogative as an Emiri to bring the performance to a close, and expressed a wish to visit 'mesdames les Dervish.' My head Dervish pushed a way for me through the crowd, and he and I grovelled our way up a wooden staircase near the entrance where we had come in, and crossing a little landing we went into a room, where about fourteen women came forward, made me sit on a divan, pressed a bowl of curdled milk into my hands, and then proceeded to examine me, fingering my dress, lifting up the edge of my skirt,—perhaps to see if I were *bien chaussée*. Who knows? Meanwhile the head Dervish smiled, and said a great deal to me, but as I have not an idea of what he was saying I will hope it to have meant something prodigiously expressive and gallant. Perhaps he was inviting me to make a fifteenth, and the sad part of it is I shall never know.

When we rejoined the others at the foot of the stairs he told Charles to translate to me that I was the first and only white person who had ever been up the sacred staircase; then, with many pretty speeches on both sides, we said good-night to our new circle of acquaintances,

and followed the lantern back to the place where he had originally stopped our carriage. The head of the police saw us safely into it, and Tig and I had at last leisure to exchange our impressions of the evening. Charles informed us that he had taken the precaution of putting a revolver in his boot, and Tig and I found out that we had both contemplated death during the performance, and settled to our own satisfaction how we should meet it. I cannot yet think why it did not strike that big, howling nigger that he would have given Allah huge satisfaction by slitting our infidel throats as we sat there. He looked black and ignorant, and fierce enough for anything. Or was it only a false impression of him given me by the German lamp? At any rate, I remember devising a series of wonderful Edgar-Allan-Poe-deaths, as I sat there, which were so fantastic that I felt, with something very nearly allied to regret, that in not killing us the Moslems had, so to speak, wasted their evening—*raté l'affaire*, as they would say in France.

Thursday, 15*th*.—A wet day, but Black Fate overtook me in the shape of S. Bey, and we drove out into the country to call on Hazim Pasha, the Director of the Haj railway. I think he is the only high official in Damascus who is not an exile. He draws 8000 francs a month, and

superintends the building of the railway to Mecca. He and his family were quite charming, and he offered to place himself and a special train at my disposal should I care to go to Petra; he also gave me several interesting photographs of the railway line.

We next visited the local director of the Ottoman Bank, whose son and daughter played the violin and piano to me; and I paid what would be a very interminably long visit in any less hospitable country than Syria.

The roofs of the houses in Damascus are flat. They each possess a roller, and after heavy rain it is brought into use to flatten down the clayey mud of which the roof is composed. I think the roof in the East takes the place of the Western 'back yard.' The grain and flax are spread out upon it; the houses of the dyers are easily recognisable by the way in which they utilise the roofs; the elaborate ceremonial which takes place between a Moslem and his God very often takes place on the roof. The clothes are hung out to dry there; and the children, dogs, goats, &c., sent up to be out of the way. I saw one roof, or perhaps several close together, utilised as stabling for quite a number of mules and donkeys.

I heard some curious stories about the

domestic life in Damascus; and where I really went to-day, and what I saw when I got there, would make quite another sort of story, as the happy phrase goes.

Friday, 16*th*.—To-day is the Moslem Sabbath; I forget why. Most of the shops are shut, and in fact the idle shopkeeper observes his own Sabbath, that of the Jews on the Saturday, and the Christian Sunday, so that he gets a fair holiday per week. Damascus has the reputation of being very fanatical, and indeed, I am often sworn at in the streets for my uncovered face. There are two kinds of Dervish to be seen once a week at the mosques, both the howling and turning varieties, and foreigners are admitted on payment of a fee. The entertainment was put off this week, however, as our private *séance* was said to have offended some of the most fanatical, and therefore it was thought safer that no infidels should be allowed to see a performance in the mosque till the excitement had died out.

S. Bey told me some of his own adventures; how, being almost the only person who could speak English and French fluently, he had been much in request during the German Emperor's visit, but that after his departure he had been cast into prison for six months for having pushed

himself forward. He said the tourists used to come and photograph him with their kodaks; all the rest of the things he told me there is no room for here.

I lunched at Kazim Pasha's with his wife and pretty daughter. I do not know what I expected, but I got an excellent lunch, with some Arab 'plats' made especially to show me, and the linen, silver, glass, wine, &c., obviously all came from Europe; handsome Circassian women waited faultlessly on us, and having some vague, general notions that slavery had been formally abolished early in the nineteenth century, I was astonished to hear that they were slaves. A good Circassian slave I was told fetches £200 or £250, other varieties less; a nice little negress girl, there was one here, might be only £20. They looked to me the happiest, best-kept slaves in the world, and I believe they get their freedom after ten years or so. The Kazim Pashas asked me to stay with them, and I wish I could have arranged to do so, for I found them quite delightful; I asked the wife and daughter for their photographs, but they said that Kazim was such a fanatic that he had never allowed them to be done. Mlle. Kazim and I drove, after lunch, to call on Haki Pasha's wife, who lives in a house inside the barrack square in Damascus,

as her husband is commander-in-chief of the troops here—about 5000 men—and will provide us with our escort *when* we are allowed to start. Madame la Maréchale also has a houseful of slaves who were sent for to the drawing-room at my request; hers are mostly negresses. I then saw Mlle. Kazim safely home; she was closely veiled, and we already had one eunuch with us for our protection. I then picked up S. Bey, who took me to call on Abdul Kadir, whose wife also came in to see me; he is the son of the Algerian prince who fought against the French, and is a very fine-looking man.

I neglected to remark, in the proper place, that Tig and I received a most charming visitor in the salon of the hotel this morning (I should think it must have been the first time he had ever found himself in such surroundings); this was Talal Pasha, a Bedouin Sheikh, head of the Bedouin, through whose country the Haj railway is being made; he was created 'Pasha,' and is paid backsheesh to keep the Bedouin quiet on the line of rail. He sat, cross-legged, on the hotel chair, dressed all in white, with his white 'kafeeah,' or handkerchief, pulled so much over his eyes that it gave a most extraordinary expression to his face, which was a very black one. He had eyes like a hawk, and altogether was a very

attractive personage. He invited the Emiri down to the Hauran, and said he would mount her and give her plenty of sport; go against another tribe of the Bedouin, if that amused her. He then told us how many people he had killed lately, and both his figure and conversation were entirely out of keeping with the hotel sitting-room. He went away regretting that he was not to have the honour of entertaining us, and volunteering to send us some letters of introduction to the Bedouin Sheikhs, through whose country we should pass. I think he was quite the most picturesque personage it had been our lot to interview of the many interesting people we had met; he looked so dignified, so attractively cruel with his hawk's eyes and long, slender fingers.

17*th, Saturday.*—We have given out definitely that we mean to leave Damascus to-morrow; so no more nonsense from anyone. S. reports that N. Pasha is tearing his hair—metaphorically, I suppose—that his plans for our safety are not complete, &c. To which I vouchsafe a *tant mieux*, whereupon S. tells me that N. Pasha was heard to declare that he preferred twenty Miss B.'s to one Lady ——. Miss B. is a traveller who is reported to have caused much anxiety to governors, consuls, &c., in this country, because

she travelled about alone, armed, and discussed politics with Bedouins, Druses, &c; a harmless existence enough to the light of reason, one would say, but immense in its possible consequences in this land of suspicion and intrigue.

In the afternoon I sat in state in the hotel drawing-room, and received visits from Abu Shaul and his family; Kazim Pasha and his son, who brought me their photographs; Abdul Kadir and his two sons; and lastly, Pharaoh, as represented by charming N. Pasha, to whom I should like to burn Oriental gums, for I am sure he is a good man, and not a glimpse of the Winning Post for him in his sad eyes. He has built a hospital at Damascus, where, I imagine, it was sadly needed; and it was surprising to see how well-kept the patients were, and how up-to-date the surgical appliances, the ventilation and sanitation. It had a lunatic asylum attached, from which I carried away a sad memory. In a little three-cornered room, sitting on a mattress, was a beautiful girl of about eighteen, twisting innumerable cigarettes from a pile of tobacco on the floor by her side. She just raised her large, stricken eyes on us with such a world of despair in them, and then went on with her work. The doctor said it was a case of melancholy madness. She was very well born, but cried all day and all

night, and suffered from chronic insomnia. It was a feeling one can put no name to, to see the door close on her, and then to go away without further to do than if one has had a glimpse of some hunted animal. In a land where many things are begun, but few finished, N. Pasha deserves more than a little for having completed, and put in working order, a Mohammedan hospital, open to all creeds, where hitherto there have only been missionary ones.

We dined with S. Bey, who says he is coming to Palmyra, too, though I tell him it is impossible, knowing he has made no arrangements to do so; and we return to the hotel early in order to do our packing.

Is 'impossible' the right word for anything east of Suez? I flung the word at S., but I did not feel convinced as I looked at his enigmatical face, and tried to read what was passing in his black eyes. He says he will be ready at six A.M. to put me on my horse. I have absolutely forbidden him to do anything of the sort. I don't like even my horse seeing me at that hour—only women who take number nine in gloves can stand being looked at, or talked to, so early. Anyhow, he has ended by promising faithfully that he won't.

18*th February*.—Are we really going off? I cannot be sure; but here we are getting on our

horses at 7.30 A.M., with a large crowd gathered round the front of the hotel; also that arch-villain S. Bey, who in putting me up on my horse managed to slip a piece of paper into my hand. Though there is nothing to prevent my opening and reading it on the spot, I remember that I have been practising in secret for a week to be thoroughly Oriental, so I stuff it mysteriously into my glove with a conspiratorial air worthy of Guy Fawkes; but, in spite of the practice, being still rather like myself, I forget it till I am several miles out of Damascus. S. gave some parting instructions to the escort, one of which he translated to me, which was that they were never to let me out of their sight—and I must say for them they never did, not for a second, which I found embarrassing at first, for various reasons which I will not stop to mention. Our escort consisted of thirteen men, and a fine, motley looking crew they were in their twenty-six boots, cavalry breeches and infantry coats, or vice-versa, kafiyahs or forage caps; or something entirely original to the owner—they looked to me as if they had been turned loose into the 'louse bazaar' to scramble for their uniforms. But numbers made up for quality, and wasn't it because I am an Emiri that we had such a large escort? Tig and I jogged off quite happily,

devising plans for leaving all but two of them at the first village we came to. It was nice to be off; we had only stayed ten days in Damascus, but in that time my soul was inches deep in perjury and lying; and I hoped now we were leaving all that behind—leaving the 'sown' by the Bâb Sûma, or gate of St. Thomas, and entering into the desert (or, if you prefer to call spades spades, the Aleppo road) with that unnameable feeling—is it hope, desire, expectation? No matter, it is the feeling that always clings to things unknown and ways untrodden.

It is fun, too, starting out with so many odd-looking creatures; the escort and their officer; Charles, Selim the cook, David the waiter, nine mules, four donkeys, four muleteers, two grooms, and six horses. The horses we soon discovered were as slow as pall-bearers, though Charles tried to comfort us by saying they were pure-bred Arabs; the mules, to quote the Deity, were all very good; Tig says his mount is much more deliberate than a hearse-horse. I never desisted for a moment's pause in kicking mine the whole way to Mosul and back; so he got the false reputation of being a good walker. Nobody said a word about me being a good kicker.

We lunched at Khan Aisheh, the Anti-Lebanon stretching to our left, the Salt Lake to

our right, and here it was first that I bethought me of the note in my glove. It read :—

> You may train the eagle to stoop to your feet,
> Or you may inveigle the phœnix of the east;
> The lioness, you may move her to give o'er her prey,
> But you'll ne'er stop a lover—he will find out his way.

No more, no less, written on a dirty half-sheet of paper. *Tiens! tiens!* as they say in France, is this a love-letter or a threat? But Damascus and S. Bey are already miles away, and as to lovers :—

'Si on vous en parle, haussez les épaules—faites et dites que le temps est au beau.'

We pitched our camp at Kuteifeh, about an eight hours' march from Damascus, where there is a handsome khan, built by Senan Pasha about the year 1592.

Monday, 19*th*.—We left Kuteifeh at 8 A.M., after eating some pale sliminess that S. the cook thinks porridge, rode through the mountain-chain by a narrow opening, and by a stony up and down road. Lunched below Kastul, after which I walked on a bit; for though I had managed to remain in the saddle yesterday by a severe call on my philosophy, I knew I had only seven skins, and the saddle had already accounted for at least four of them. As we approached Nebk, a guard rode out to meet us, for doubtless the Emiri's

arrival had been telegraphed on by N. Pasha; and we went up to the governor's house for coffee; he gave us a further escort of eight—for 'your honour,' as Charles explained—and we rode on to Deir Atiyeh; through rain and sleet, perishingly cold. I sat in an old woman's house till the camp was pitched. A bitterly cold night. We held a council of war with Charles about getting rid of some of the escort, and as four of them were mounted on yearlings, one of which already was 'very sick,' it was settled that these four should return to Damascus next day—and then were nine—though I don't think they went out to dine, or had any chance of over-choking themselves. Indeed they most of them said they had no pay for eighteen months, and I understood that they had to buy their own horses.

The water here was tolerable; in Genesis God had to separate the land from the water; we let our land settle, and then drank the water; we counted to-day as a seven hours' march.

Tuesday, 20*th*.—We left Deir (convent) Atiyeh at 7 A.M., with Rasoul Aga in charge of our escort. It is a beautifully situated place, with a lovely view of the snow mountains. The road lay at first through a very rocky river-bed and then across a plain, which was very stony, too. Put up a fox, the first wild animal we



RASOUL AGA.



have seen, and saw plenty of sheep and goat flocks, and black Bedouin tents. Lunched at Main, where a herd of camels came past with the baby camels strapped on their mothers' backs. Walked on across a very stony plain and saw quantities more of camels and also white snails and little, white, wild crocuses. The ground begins going down gradually from Deir Atiyeh, and as we approached Karyatein a guard came out with the Mudir to meet us; very cold and windy again, and we could find no sheltered place to pitch our camp. Fayad Aga came and offered us the shelter of his house, and though it has not 'the same walled-in niceties' of an English household, we were very comfortable. After dinner he came and entertained us, and, amongst other things, told us the story of the Englishwoman who had married a Bedouin Sheikh. She was travelling in the desert—perhaps to Palmyra—under the protection of his Bedouin, and he arranged with his own tribe to come and attack her. He rushed forward and defended her so gallantly, that she fell in love with him and married him, and settled all her fortune on him; and he bought camels and flocks and maidservants and all that delights the heart of an Arab; and she conveniently died, and he lived happily ever afterwards, or I think he

did, but I was desperately sleepy. To-day had been about an eight hours' march.

Wednesday, 21*st*.—I got up early, and whilst waiting for the others wandered about Fayad Aga's house. It is decorated with many busts from Palmyra, and with Palmyrene inscriptions that he has built into his walls. From what I have seen of these busts in various museums, I am inclined to think that the best of them have got no further than Karyatein. The ground-floor of the house, which is the only part I wandered over, consisted of a hall, with a fountain, opening on to which was a long-shaped drawing-room, with straw matting and rugs on the floor, a divan at one end, and rows of stiff, upright chairs against the wall, and a few oleographs hanging on the walls; the ceiling rather elaborately draped with cloth. Opening on the opposite side of the hall were two or three dwelling-rooms, and there were two or more such rooms down a passage at the lower end of the hall, in one of which I slept. It was entirely devoid of furniture, except for matting and rugs, and I had my own camp-bed and washing-stand carried in. I don't think I travel about with national ideals on electric lighting and plumbing, but the 'ritirata' in an Arab house merits description for those who are happily not

acquainted with them. A small room with a stone, or as in this case, a marble floor; quite devoid of furniture, or anything save an ewer of water placed on the floor, close to a slit in the floor, perhaps a foot and a half long by ten inches wide. This is made with a steep incline down which the refuse should slide to the outside of the wall. When I say it should, but it doesn't, and it seems no one's business to see that it does, it will be understood that it is not a bower of roses; those with a slight acquaintance of the Orient will also gather why you must never offer anything with your left hand, or return a salute with it, to an Oriental, unless you wish to insult him. It is just as well for the traveller to be 'up' in these little Eastern ways, if he is going to travel and wishes to hurt no feelings. If Sir Richard Burton had not forgotten a strict point of Mohammedan law once, it would not have obliged him to kill his poor servant boy.

We hired two camels from here to carry water, and we left about 8.30 with many pleasant recollections of Fayad Pasha, and his hospitality; we left him sitting in his courtyard, cross-legged, on a wooden chair, surrounded by his family and servants—by family I refer to the male portion, of course; I didn't see the harem—and with

several nice-looking greyhounds on the leash; he told me he was very fond of 'la chasse,' though I don't quite know what they hunt, as we never saw any animals at all, except later on in the day a few gazelle. They say there are ibex and bear in the mountains, but I don't think they would be worth wasting time or energy over. We rode across a desert with mountains on either side, and astonishing mirage effects. We huddled together and looked to our fire-arms as we saw a small body of horsemen coming in our direction, but as they turned out to be the Baghdad post we didn't destroy them to the last man, as one is apparently prepared to do on catching sight of anyone in the desert. It seemed to me too dull for words not to have yet met any of those redoubtable Bedouins of whom we had heard so much in Damascus; and it was a sure pull of Tig's leg to tell him I didn't believe there were any. It always called forth a lecture, telling me how lucky I ought to think myself that we were still alive, when we might easily be dead, or prisoners, or worse still our horses taken from us, and lost in the desert with no water. Privately, I used to wonder what was the good of coming so far if we were to have no adventures, but unless I was itching for an argument—some days one gets up spoiling for a quarrel with somebody—

I would hold my peace, and pity people who had no longing for excitement.

After lunch we diverted ourselves by having a perfectly useless gallop after a small herd of gazelle, for they had sighted us, and fled before the shoes of civilisation before we were within a quarter of a mile of them; however, it relieved one's feelings after the monotony of the desert, and dear old Rasoul Aga had quarter of a mile shots at them at full gallop; and when they had put a further distance between us, he loosed off up into the air—and I think if anyone had luck he had, because why his rifle didn't blow into pieces every time he fired it I could never discover by just looking at it. It ought to have, for it was the ramshaklest old muzzle-loader ever seen.

None of our party had ever been this route before, and so we none of us had much idea for where we were heading. We saw a building away to our right, and we lost much time, and went far out of our way because we took it for our goal. It turned out to be an old castle called Kusr-el-Heir (castle of Heir), and we eventually reached, in a tearing wind, the Turkish fortress where we were to spend the night. There were three soldiers in charge of it, and why they hadn't all died of melancholy madness Allah alone

knows, for they lived in a solitude and silence where you might have heard your microbes gnawing. There was a most wonderful well of water just outside the fortress, 250 feet deep, and two or three men had to walk quite a long way with a rope before the bucket, or rather goatskin, reappeared. The water itself was so sulphuric that the horses and mules would not drink it, so we took it ourselves, and they, poor things, had the water that we had brought with us on the camels. One couldn't quite understand why the fortress had not been built around the well, for the Bedouin would only have to take possession of the well, and the soldiers would be thirsted out. *On dit*, that there were rooms at the bottom of the well, but how old it was or anything about it I could not find out. The Annals of Ashur-nasir-pal say: 'I dug down to the level of the water, and for one hundred and seventy measures I descended into the depth: and I built the wall thereof, from its foundation unto its coping I built and completed it.' He ascended the throne of Assyria in B.C. 885, but I dare say it was just such a well as this that he mentions building in his annals. Patterns change but little in the East.

The wind fell a little about 8 P.M., but got up with renewed violence in the night, and I



CAMP AT AIN EL BEIDA.



don't know why our tents were not blown away; absurd single-fly tents, suitable enough perhaps for a picnic to Jerusalem, but not at all the right tents to take on such a trip. They are ornamental enough inside, red, blue and white cloth, with verses from the Korân as decoration, but little use for keeping out cold, rain, or wind.

Thursday, 22nd.—We left at 8.30, and rode over the same monotonous country, and again sighted some gazelle. To vary the proceedings Rasoul Effendi—who when he is at home is Mudir of Safah—shot at them to-day with a revolver, at five hundred yards. He is a jocular old boy, and when there is nothing else doing he makes the escort ride him, or he selects one of them to ride down, and this is done with much wheeling and circling and howling and with many gyrations of their rusty, old weapons over their heads.

One of the muleteers told me a story of a mule in the Lebanon that had a foal last year; the owner took it to down Beyrout and sold the foal for 200 napoleons to a Frenchman, who took it to France.

We had a shorter march to-day—only five hours, and saw occasional flocks of a brown and white pigeon, larks, lizards and caterpillars.

We have ridden in sight of a mountain-peak ahead of us, to which, tradition says, Antur tied his horse; it lies to the left of the pass to Palmyra. We camped at a similar Turkish fort—Ain-el-Beida—with a well not quite so deep, and took photos of Rasoul and the escort. Rasoul, as conceited as a woman, put on his grandest head-dress and struck various attitudes.

Friday, 23rd.—To-day was an easy five hours' march into Palmyra. We left camp about 7.45 A.M. over the same flat-charactered ground, till about 11, when we began riding up a sand ridge and got the first good view of the pass leading down to Palmyra and its tombs. We had lunch on the sand-dunes and an escort came out to meet us. Charles was very horrified because I insisted on walking on into Palmyra, instead of riding; he feared the new escort would entertain but a poor opinion of a walking Emiri. But not even to make a good impression was I going to forswear the pleasure of being on foot. Charles may keep the salutations in the market-place, the chief seats in the synagogue and the uppermost rooms at feasts; I 'm going to poke about in the tombs that border the way from now down to Palmyra itself. Our camp went ahead and pitched itself almost below a Roman triumphal arch to the right of the Great



END OF THE COLONNADE, PALMYRA.



Colonnade, which Murray describes as 'the second wonder of Palmyra.' It sounds frightfully cockneyfied of us, but we were told it was the usual camping ground, and there didn't seem to be anything, save the view, which could suffer by our being there. It seems quite strange to be back again amongst people: though in reality we have only been a few days away from a town. We literally saw no human figure since Nebk till just as we reached here; no human person to speak to, I mean, for the Baghdad post had passed well away to our right, and we only discovered their identity through our glasses. It has been a cloudy day, but much warmer than we have had it yet; though we are still glad of warm clothes.

I went out, British-like, with Charles to inspect the warm springs that abound among the ruins, with a view of having a bath, but the approaches to them, which are mostly downstairs underground, were so Easternly filthy, that I thought the prosaic tin-bath in my own tent held out better prospects of cleanliness and comfort; so I returned for a wash-up, the first pretence at one since Karyatein, and then went out to sit on a deck chair in front of my tent to drink in the beauty of the scene in the sunset. But no beauty—no sunset—my eyes were riveted on a two-horse barouche making its

way to my left, straight into the village of Palmyra. More tourists—what bad luck—we had had no other vision but of having the place to ourselves.

Where were they going to stay? Evidently not in camp, for there were no signs of tents or camp furniture. Before I had finished conjecturing, or had even broken the sad news to Tig, who was enjoying ablutions in his tent, Charles came grimacing along to say—'Who do you think has arrived?'

'How can I guess, poopstick?'

'S. Bey and Mr. and Mrs. R——!'

I couldn't help smiling. They had driven straight to the Mudir's house, where they were going to stay.

Saturday, 24th.—The Mohammedans have a legend that Solomon called all his wise men together, and told them that that he wished to build a city, in the best place in the world, favoured with the finest climate, but they were unable to suggest any one place. Then he consulted the fowls of the air, and a raven told him he didn't know himself, but he had an old grandfather who would be able to advise him. So he called the old grandfather raven, and he told Solomon that he would show him a place, on condition that Solomon, who had power

ROMAN ARCHWAY.



THE TOWN GATE, TADMOR.

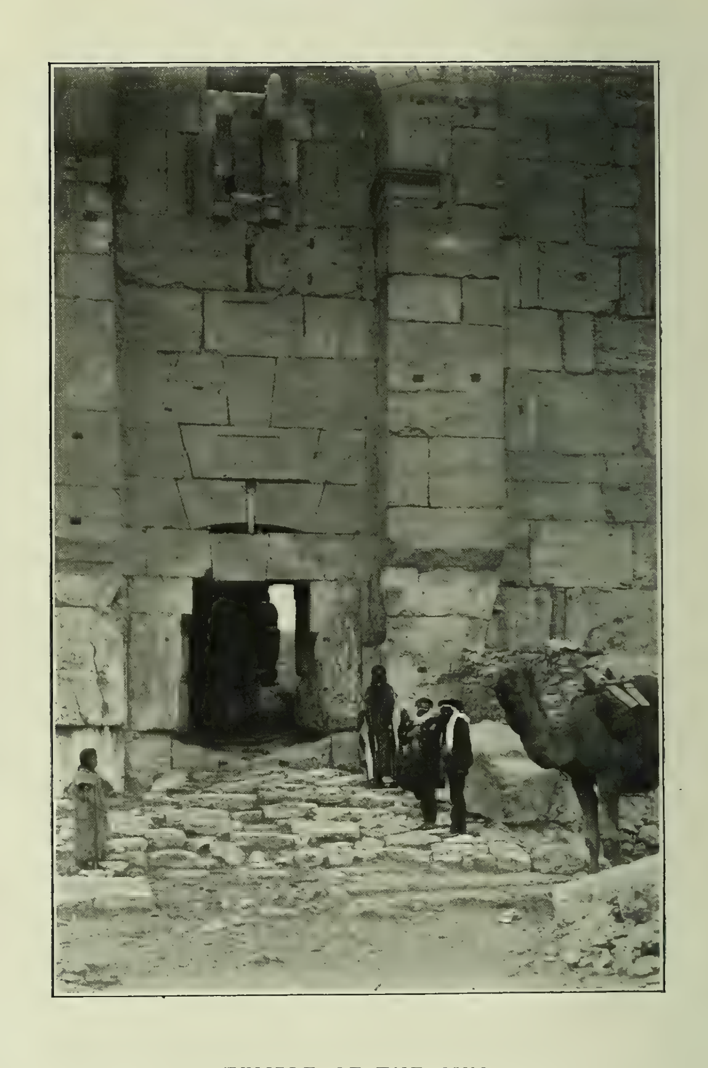
over magic, would restore him to his youth. The bargain was concluded, and Solomon started off on his magic carpet with the raven; and when he came over Tadmor he saw that all the stones were of silver; so he settled to build a city there, where there originally had been another one, for Tadmor means 'covered up.' The Bible certainly refers to Solomon having built a place called Tadmor, but all that is known is that it was a very old place on the caravan route from east to west. The fact of there being many springs of water there, and the warm springs already referred to, would make it certainly a stopping-place since traffic first was. As far as I know, nothing of any great age has ever been found there, and the coins that the inhabitants bring for sale are all Roman. Most of the ruins now to be seen date from the time of Adrian, to whom Palmyra submitted in 130 C.E., and certainly the architecture is Roman in the happier sense. With the great exception of the Temple of the Sun, one is struck with the lightness and grace of the ruins; the brute-strength that so often characterises Roman remains is fortunately lacking here, though it must have been magnificent enough when it was still standing. The Colonnade, where our tents were pitched, is supposed to have been a long

street running the length of the city, paved for horses and chariots, whilst the sides were covered in behind a row of magnificent columns, to form shops or dwelling-houses. The wonderful whiteness of the ruins still strikes one. How glorious, then, must they have looked, if we can think ourselves back, for instance, to Zenobia's time; though all there is extant of this wonderful woman is a Palmyrene inscription on two of the columns in the great Colonnade, in which the name Zenobia, and her husband Odenathus, are easily deciphered.

S. Bey and his friends looked us up early in the morning and then we discovered how they had got here; they had gone by train from Damascus to Homs, and had driven from there in a pair-horse carriage viâ Beida. Poor Mrs. R—— was terribly knocked up by the long drive, semi-starvation and extreme cold. The fare she was getting at the Mudir's didn't put things right either, for she had to take to her bed, and her husband also fell ill next day. How S. Bey had persuaded them into coming, how he himself had obtained leave—for he might not leave Damascus without —I didn't stop to inquire. Explanations are dull, and I like taking things *en bloc*. He had threatened to come, and come he had. He sat in front of our tents, a notebook and pencil, the



PALMYRA, SHOWING TOMBS.



TEMPLE OF THE SUN.

escort round him, and said he was putting down all my thoughts, words, and deeds since I had left Damascus, to report to N. Pasha. They complained, he said, that I rode like a devil, and walked like all the devils in the world, and would he explain to me that I mustn't get ahead of them as I was in the habit of doing but keep well together, or I would certainly fall into the hands of the Bedouin! I dare say they never said anything of the sort; but this was what I was told, and that is about as far as one ever gets with the Oriental mind. There was no good threatening me with Bedouin, though; they were the one thing I wanted to meet. What had I come into the desert for to see? The wind-shaken reed? Not much, Selim!

We all went out together to see the Temple of the Sun, and a very curious sight it is, with two or three score of dirty native houses built inside its walls, and the village so built in and out of the outer walls that it is difficult to get a complete idea of the temple. The only place that I have seen similarly treated is Diocletian's palace at Spalato. There is a very fine gateway, of which Tig managed to get a good photo. In the afternoon we prowled about the Colonnade and other ruins, went over some more of the very curious tombs, which look like tall, square towers

80 feet high and 30 feet broad. As Murray says, there are upwards of one hundred of these tower-tombs, but unfortunately most of them are in a very delapidated condition.

In the evening Tig was called upon to dose our staff, who are suffering from severe aches in the pinafore! They celebrated their arrival by eating a dish of lentils that they particularly love; so did we—only I suppose a little went a longer way with us, and—*les voilà!* Tig has administered Livingston Rousers, and they in their faith have swallowed them down, rolled themselves up in their blankets, and eschewed all food for to-night. Therein they are wise I think, for this kind of ache is not expelled but by fasting. Faith and fasting may cure them, if the Rousers don't kill them meanwhile.

S. Bey has kept his course at my elbow to-day with splendid persistency. What he said to me, and what it came into my head to reply to him, is not expedient to write, nor did it matter in the least. He is rather nice and elemental, though, and doesn't go badly with a desert which is full of such elemental things as death and battle, hatred, solitude, love. If left to myself, I think I should go on riding through Asia to the end of time, especially if it is all going to go on as comically as it has begun.



COLONNADE, WITH TOWER TOMBS IN THE DISTANCE.



As I lie in bed to-night I feel good, and wish I hadn't such a remarkable facility for making other people lose their tempers; whereas I don't often lose my own. It makes me bad to travel with (see my voyages in Greece; but I forgot—they are not published yet).

The wind is mad to-night, blowing from all directions and round and round; I fall asleep, wondering which way poor Zenobia took when she fled from here to Halabeeyia, the supposed capital of Odenathus, pursued by Aurelian's cavalry; while the night watchmen keep up a guttural conversation, that makes you think they are on the point of murder.

Sunday, 25th.—There is a rumour that some tomb has just been discovered; at the same time it is added that the Mudir has said no one is allowed to see it. Poor Mudir, keep your breath to cool your ain parritch, as they say in my country. You don't suppose, do you—now I put it to you—that we could have come all these hundreds of miles, and then resist seeing it? I didn't say all this at all to him, for he was a very dull individual; and when you mean flying in the face of authority, it 's better to fly first and do your speechifying afterwards. But this is what I might have said, had I ever had occasion to justify our action. Instead of that we started

off innocently to look at other tombs, and if we should come across this newly-found one on our walk, *tant pis*. It did *tant pis*: we seemed to walk towards it by absolute *flair*. S. Bey—who after all was in his own country and had reason to obey the authorities, some of the irons in his fire being already unpleasantly warm to the touch—tried to persuade us to rest content with seeing where it was. There was nothing to be seen but a large hole in the ground, with a ten-foot drop, and then a tiny passage leading still further down in one corner, just big enough for a thinnish body to push through. S. Bey, seeing his remonstrances were all in vain, turned his back on us, and pretended to be looking at the landscape; he turned round, however, just in time to catch sight of a fine expanse of leg, as Mrs. R. and I dropped, one after the other, from the edge on to the shoulders of a brawny Arab, who had gallantly dropped in first, and now received the remainder of the party on top of him. Then on all fours down the small passage, and we found ourselves in darkness. Some clever person, however, seemed provided with candles and matches, and before long we saw that we were standing in a sepulchral chamber, with another similar one away to the right; there were shelves in the walls, but it wasn't so





PALMYRA, WITH CASTLE IN THE DISTANCE.

newly-discovered that they hadn't had time to be perfectly empty. The ceiling and walls were all stuccoed and painted, and there were some broken figures of stone that formed part of the decoration of some large stone sarcophagi, but nothing of any artistic value. The period, probably that of the later Seleucidæ, was not one, at any rate in Palmyra, that had much idea of art or statuary; the style is so exactly alike in all of them that one can almost imagine one stonemason's yard from which they were all turned out.

In the evening we were energetic, and climbed up to the castle that is situated on a hill to the north, and which stands out very prominently in the landscape from Palmyra, to see the sunset. It is a good pull, but there is a wonderful view from it of Palmyra and the desert beyond, which must surely be the beginning of the waste into which the scapegoat was started, so desolate and bare does it seem. The castle is surrounded by a deep moat, and the bridge across it is broken down. We sat down on the edge of the moat, content to imagine the interior of the castle, but Tig, being an Alpine climber, went down the moat and up the other side, and presently we saw him looking down on us from the roof. The castle is

evidently of much later date than the ruins of Palmyra, and it is said to have been built by a Druse chieftain. We could see the direction in which we shall be starting to-morrow, leaving really all civilisation behind us this time. I wonder what lies ahead of us in the next few weeks? Beautiful adventures with Bedouin I hope.

S. Bey was growing so sentimental at the thought of the parting, that to humour him I dropped behind the others, and we walked home together. He still begged me to give up the idea of Mosul and to come back to Damascus, with Petra again held up as a bait, the sub-audible 'himself' thrown in, too, I suppose; but my heart was not to be turned, and so he took 'to cussing' me in Arabic instead, which I expect was much more profitable. By the way, S. and I had one of our best quarrels in a tomb this morning—all by ourselves—but that is just as far as the tale goes. I wonder if he ever remembers it?

Monday, 26th.—We were up by daybreak for an early start, but did not get off after all till about 8.30. Not too early for S. Bey, however, whom I could see, as I dressed in my tent, sitting on a stone scribbling something on a piece of paper. When I was ready and went out to him,

تذكار اللقا في ندوة : ٢٦ شباط ١٩٠٦ الاثنين

ضلّ من عاذليه فيه الملام
مغرم في هوى الظبا مستهام

زاده الشوق صبوة وولوعاً
وعصته في قصده الايام

كلما من حيّ الاحبة هبّت
نسمة زاد وجده والغرام

او تبدّى من نحوهم ومض برق
هزّه الشوق والهوى والهيام

يا اخا الودّ هل تذكّرت عيشاً
سمحت لي في طيبه الاعوام

كل اوقاته خصيب ربيع .
فعليه تحيتي والسلام

قد تقضّى في قرب ظبي ربيب
ثغره الكاس والرضاب المدام

مطلع في جبينه حين يجلى
شمس حسن لها الشعور ظلام

ليت شعري فهل ترجّى الاماني
بالتلاقي ام هذه احلام

ر ثابت
سليم
م

S. . . . BEY'S POETRY.





OUR ESCORT, PALMYRA.

he told me he had been composing poetry for me, and that it was very wonderful; and if I came across some one very clever and learned on my journey, I was to give it to him to translate for me. It still lies in front of me, just as I received it from him—perhaps a little dirtier. I never met anyone clever enough, but I like to think it is something very nice that he said of me, and it has this beauty about it, that if it is something quite the opposite I shall never find it out.

The Damascus and Nebk escort have left us, but another lot have turned up; five soldiers mounted on horses, sent from Deir, in the direction of which we are going, and ordered, I suppose, by that unseen Power who is watching over our ways. 'Everything you say or do will be reported, remember.' S. Bey's words, that he has so often said with his black eyes and hawk-like nose looking quite threateningly, came back to me. I half wish we were conspirators, or spies or anything half as interesting as they seem to suppose. A villager brought in a funny-looking jet-black bird, just as we were starting, and we came to the conclusion it must be a black Ibis, to judge by its beak.

We eventually got under weigh, and I turned back as I came to the last corner of the temple

of Baal to wave my hand to S., who was still standing by the ruins of the colonnade. Goodbye S.! He says we will meet again; he says I am to write whenever I come to a post office, and particularly I am to let him know the exact date that we expect to be back in Beyrout. We all go along in single file over a stony track—we always seem to be going over stony tracks—no sand desert, such as my imagination pictured, but a clay soil stretched from here to the Tigris; and if we had a motor, and if we could have managed to get it across several big rivers and along places of awful boulders, we should have spun along finely and taken less than a week to get over that dreary desert which stretches from Damascus to Baghdad, and, marked Syrian Desert on the map, is described in brackets below as 'Not a sandy waste, but an almost uninhabited district.' Bare, white mountains stretch away to our right and left, and we ride over the bare valley between them. The ugliness of the landscape throws me back into exchanging views on life with Charles, and he gives me a dissertation against marriage in general, and his own in particular; this is occasioned by our having overtaken a wedding party. The poor little Mohammedan bride is sitting on a camel, as coy as you can be swathed



PART OF THE GREAT COLONNADE.



in a veil, and with your male relations all ready to shoot you if you raise it. These amiable beings are walking, and are engaged in mimic fight, discharging their fire-arms into the air, and singing songs. I try to persuade the bride to let me see her face, but without success, so I turn my attention to trying to make friends with a dog who has followed us from Palmyra; but as the Irishman said, the more I call the more he won't come. Palmyra remained in sight for more than two hours.

We lunched *en route*, and then walked on into Erak, about five hours from Palmyra, and pitched camp by a small fortress, where we found a German in his tent, on his way back from the excavations at Babylon. Regierungs-banführer Jordan was the short title and name on his card which he gave us. He had been allowed to start with an escort of one, and even him he had shed somewhere *en route*. When we met him he was travelling with a merchant, from whom he had hired a rather miserable tent, and I think he said he had provided him with his horse also. Anyhow, the merchant did his cooking for him, and they always travelled by night and slept by day. He showed us the first good maps we had seen of the country, published by Baron Max Oppenheim, whom I

later had the pleasure of meeting in Cairo. He, the Baron, had made a most interesting journey over this country ten years ago. He had found a statue of a veiled goddess, the only veiled one known I think; and had been attacked—I can't tell you how many times—by the Bedouin, his servants shot, his animals killed, his water poisoned. I don't think I am inventing. It seemed to me a lovely list of adventures at the time. Some people have all the luck.

Well, we gave our young German tea, and spread all the fleshpots of Egypt before him, in the shape of biscuits and jams and cigarettes, none of which had he seen for some time; and then he and I went out for a walk through the village. A few drops of rain fell and a horrid wind had been blowing all day, but it hadn't damped the ardour of the wedding party, who had arrived, and were breaking their journey here, too. We stopped to watch them dancing to a flute, and then they offered to come up and dance for us at our tents, if we liked. Of course we liked. Weren't we there on purpose to like everything? So they came after us, and did it all over again for Tig, who had been out shooting in the marsh near the village, and had brought home one snipe. Sir Henry Layard describes just such a dance in his book—'They form a circle,'

he says, 'holding one another by the hand, and moving slowly round, go through a shuffling step with their feet, twisting their bodies into various attitudes.' As for the flute, it produced music as much resembling harmony as green gooseberries. However, they were pleased, and we were pleased, and we gave them some tobacco to make their happiness complete. We are travelling, by the way, with a good stock of tobacco, and of various qualities. There are some gold-tipped cigarettes —those are for Walis and other such favoured people; then there are Mutissarif, Kaimakam, and Mudir brands, and finally some loose tobacco for muleteers after an extra hard day, or 'penny-ante' people in general, who are deserving of reward. The German dined with us before starting for Palmyra, and we saw him off and gave him our blessing. The water was good here; and the wind fell, too, at night, for which we were truly thankful.

Tuesday, *27th*.—Left camp at 8 A.M., and had two hours of a very stony road; then it mproved, and I walked most of the way to Suchne, a six and a half hours' march. It began raining after lunch, and a wind blew most of the day. We passed no one, and saw no animals except ravens, sand-martens, a few bluerock-pigeon, and dung beetles. Suchne is a village

with palm and olive trees, and some warm sulphuric springs, but not good water. We bought some fowls here, and ate one of the poor creatures that had been racing out of the way of the tents an hour or two before.

28*th (Ash Wednesday)*.—Left at 7.45, and rode across the foothills—a good road. We could see a ruin about an hour and a half away to our left—the ruins of Heir, which, I think, the German told us he had ridden out to and found them to be Roman. The Mohammedans say there is an inscription inside to say, 'we filled it with raisins, and could you fill it with manure'?—whatever that may mean. Walked most of the day, and reached the fortress of Bir Edschedid, 'the new well', after a seven hours' march; it has a well, with indifferent water. Passed no one; cross-examined the escort about their pay, &c. One soldier said he hadn't been paid for twenty months. The wind got up in the night as usual. It is a very desolate spot, and if it really isn't the place that the scapegoat was exiled to, it would have done just as well.

Some more escort joined us here from Deir, a Turkish officer who can hardly speak Arabic, and five men mounted on mules; as far as I can make out, those on mules are regular soldiers,

and on horses apparently irregular; but if your knowledge is obscure enough without the explanation, the explanation added generally makes it opaque in this part of the world.

Thursday, 1*st March*.—Left 7.45; going very stony for an hour and three quarters, and then a good road for the rest of the day. A caravan of merchants and camels passed us, coming from the opposite direction, and we saw a quantity of Bedouin camels feeding away to our right; saw a snake, flocks of birds, that we think are pigeon, and lots of lizards. Bones of dead camels lie all along the route. Reached a fortress called Bir Gabakib, 'well of the clogs,' after a six and a half hours' march. The sun has been very hot all day; the country has been quite green—I suppose that accounts for the propinquity of the Bedouin. All round the fortress there is a bed of marble. Tig wandered about on the hill near the camp with a gun, but saw nothing. There are two graves by the fortress.

Friday, 2*nd April*.—We are in for a long day, so we left at 6.15, and rode through a stony track for an hour, the rest of the way being good going, and the country quite green. We saw flocks of pigeons, and Charles shot one. David, the waiter, is the keen shot of the party, but he is a mighty poor marksman; about an average

of one out of a possible hundred. As we were lunching we saw an enormous number of Bedouin on the move, but so far off that we watched them through our glasses. The women are stowed away on camels that look in the distance like some huge animal with wings, for they carry a framework of cane about eighteen feet in height, covered with parchment that sticks out on each side of their hump, in which the women sit. The sun was very hot all day; two hours before getting to Deir we passed some dirty water, where we watered our animals, as they were all very done. A nine and a half hours' march brought us to Deir-el-Zor, a largish town on the right bank of the Euphrates. We had a good camping-place south of the town. But we first rode through the bazaars and across the Euphrates, as there was a rumour that we should camp on an island; but we had to retrace our steps, and should have kept to our right, outside the town, and through the Mohammedan cemetery to reach the proper camping-ground. I am suffering from the pinafore complaint. I have been so far the only one who hasn't had it more or less. Tig had it less. I think mine is fatigue, not lentils or the water. It has been a very tiring march to-day, and riding a tired horse makes it worse.

Saturday, *3rd*.—Stayed in bed all morning, and after lunch turned out, rather reluctantly, to go and call on the Mutersarif—I don't quite know why we went, but about escort, I suppose. We rode through a court-yard with a guard, and climbed up some stairs to an ill-furnished room. He was evidently expecting us, for we found him, a fat Turk, with goggles, and an imperturbable countenance, sitting with a roomful of satellites. I sat down determined to make one more in the crowd of the expressionless, and he sat there like an old toad, whilst one of the underlings asked Charles questions, who doubtless gave the answers he knew to be appropriate. We didn't waste much time there ; life is too short, but I went home with a desire to kick somebody, after so much enforced politeness.

Feeling solitude is the best condition after all, especially when there are pains in your ganglionic centre, I started off for a walk, but soon saw that I was being followed by two policemen who were in charge of the camp. It is trying to be an Emiri sometimes. I walked through the cemetery, and found it to be a sort of 'Jour des Morts'; women, some solitary, but mostly in bunches, were sitting at the graves, throwing their heads back, and literally 'lifting up their voices and weeping.' The noise was

diabolic; mercifully for my ears, I proved a stronger attraction to them than their regrets temporarily, for there was a lull, whilst they crowded about me; but as I strolled away they were at it again with renewed violence. We went through the bazaars, I, in my ignorance, having to go past both houses of my policemen, so that their families might have a good view of me. The streets are mostly clean, at least in fine weather, with side-walks, though some of the less frequent ones have an open main-drain down the centre, which you have to jump if you wish to get to the other side. We walked to the ferry, where we shall have to cross to-morrow morning; a bridge is being built across it, but at present only six piers are complete; and, knowing how impressionist they are in Turkey-land, perhaps it will get no further, and merely indicate where a bridge ought to be.

The Euphrates River is constantly referred to in the 'Annals of Ashur-nasir-pal.' He writes:—'I consumed with thirst in the desert of the Euphrates. Ships of my own I built in the city of Sûri, and by the side of the Euphrates I marched as far as . . . and the narrows of the Euphrates I went down. The cities I destroyed, I laid waste, I burned with fire. In my expedition I turned my course from the mouth

of the river Khabûr as far as the cities which lie on this side of the Euphrates in the land of Lakt and in the land of Sukhe I destroyed, I laid waste, I burned with fire. Their harvest I reaped, and four hundred and seventy of their fighting men I put to the sword, and twenty men I took alive and upon stakes I impaled them. In their ships which they had built, vessels made of skins, which for transport carry weights from twenty (gur) and upwards, at the city of Kharidi I crossed over the Euphrates. At that time on the further side of the Euphrates I slew fifty mighty wild bulls, and eight wild bulls captured alive, and I slew twenty . . . birds, and twenty of them I captured alive. Two cities I founded upon the Euphrates: one on this side of the Euphrates I named Kâr-Ashur-nasir-pal, and the one on the further side of the Euphrates, I named Nibarti Ashur.' I sat down and read these words on the banks of the river in 1906, and in mind I was carried back to the time of Ashur-nasir-pal, who ascended the throne of Assyria B.C. 855. Modern Deir, with its Mutersarif and general boredom, was blotted out for me ; I was hurrying in the footsteps of the great Assyrian king, whose portrait I know so well by the *bas-reliefs*. If other people cannot suffer from these hallucinations,

a journey through Mesopotamia will hold out no interest; it will be the 'Not a sandy waste, but an almost uninhabited district' of the map. Fortunately for me I have always accustomed myself to simple hallucination. As de Rimbaud says in the 'Alchimie du Verbe,' 'I saw quite frankly a mosque in place of a factory, a school of drums kept by the angels, post-chaises on the roads of heaven, a drawing-room at the bottom of a lake, monsters, mysteries: the title of a vaudeville raised up horrors before me . . . I ended by finding something sacred in the disorder of my mind.—' So do I—and he who cannot feel like this, let him stay at home and go to for a thick-headed barbarian.

Sunday, 4*th*.—We shook the dust of Deir off our feet at 10, but we didn't get across the ferry, animals and all, till 12.45. It was an amusing sight at the ferry, and of course we personally were surrounded by every loafer in the place. The ferry-boats are large and flat-bottomed, and the animals packed very comfortably into them. The river is pretty broad here, and we were interested watching the people starting about a quarter of a mile up the opposite side-bank, and, floating across on inflated skins, land just about where we were; some carried a baby on their heads, some their food, or firewood,



CROSSING THE EUPHRATES AT DEIR.



or clothes. The women merely tucked their clothes up tight round their loins, sat astride the skin and only seemed to get their legs wet. I don't know how they managed it, as the current is very swift. We lunched when we got over, to give our caravan the start of us, and then we rode along a good road and through green country. It unfortunately began to be dark, and we could not find the well by which we were to camp; and we lost the road and wandered about a good deal in the dark. For those wishing to camp here it would be advisable to make an earlier start from Deir, as it is about five and a half hours' march after crossing the ferry, and no building of any sort to indicate the place; indeed, one might easily fall into the well in the dark. Some one of us accidently stumbled against it and shouted, which brought us all to his heels. The place, I believe, is called Bir-el-Schenani, but this I will not answer for, as I only have it on Charles' authority, and he makes a point of honour always to reply something to a query. The water is quite good here.

We had managed to get mutton at Deir with great difficulty; in fact it had been brought in specially for us, as there was nothing but camel-flesh in the meat-bazaar, nor had they had anything else for two months. Our escort is now

six men mounted on mules, one horseman, and one officer.

Monday, 5th.—We left camp by 8.15, and arrived at Swar, on the Khabûr, by 11.15. The road was good, but bare except for camel-bush. We passed two bustards in the morning, and saw several camps of Bedouin in the distance. By 10.15 we had reached a ridge from which we could see the Khabûr—which, by the way, is the Chebar river, mentioned in Ezekiel as the scene of his vision—but Swar itself is invisible till you are nearly on it. Charles gave me Arabic lessons to beguile the march, and also told us of some American having offered the Sultan two millions sterling to allow him to exploit the valley of the Jordan for sixty years, but Abdul Hamid refused. At Swar there is a fort with four soldiers, and a 'tel,' or mound, with ruins of the Seljûk epoch; there is also a permanent settlement of Bedouin, who cultivate the land near the river, and who are despised by the nomadic tribes. Their flocks are to be seen in all directions, and we had difficulty in preventing our escort from carrying off a sheep or two from the poor shepherds—which they looked on only as their due in the land where might makes right. There is an ingenious water-wheel at Swar, the near wheel in a strong current works another in

slower water automatically. There is also a ferry worked by a rope, an island with some trees, and a few trees visible on the banks of the river. In the time of Trajan the banks of the Khabûr were well wooded; and in the cylindric inscriptions of Tiglath Pileser I, King of Assyria about B.C. 1100, it is written 'ten mighty bull-elephants in the country of Kharran and in the district of the river Khabûr I slew: and four elephants alive I caught. Their hides and their tusks, together with the live elephants, I brought into my city of Ashur.'

Tuesday, 6th.—It rained in the night, and the morning was very cloudy. We left by 7.45 and it began to rain almost at once. We followed a fair road, not far from the Khabûr, which is cultivated all along, and studded with Bedouin tents and little mud 'look-outs' in the wheat fields, and a quantity of water-wheels all along the banks; with a few willow trees every now and then. It cleared up, and we lunched at 11.30; went on again, and got into camp by 1.30; about five and a half hours for the caravan. We saw a few duck to-day coming along, and sand-martin. A little yellow bird flew on to the stock of a soldier's gun as he was riding. Margada is the name of this place; there is no fort here, only a large 'tel' with some remains of stone

buildings on it, and a range of hills which I climbed up for the view, forgetting the adage that 'all the best views of hills are at the bottom of them.' About 2.45 a terrific thunderstorm began, very heavy rain, and a strong wind; we were momentarily expecting our ridiculous tents about our ears. It poured all night, too, and the high wind kept up. There are Bedouin huts on the far side of the river, and they brought in sheep and fowls for sale.

Wednesday, 7th.—A row in the morning, for again the soldiers tried to take a sheep without payment; they were made to give it up, and we left camp by 8.20. It is quite fine this morning, but an awful wind: we can see the Sinjar range ahead of us, and it is for that that we are now steering. We have long ago given up making plans on the strength of a map only, and as for an Arab, if he can possibly go out of his way, he will. It is therefore rather comforting to have some landmark ahead of us, for up till now we have been in our escort's hand, and as they don't know the road themselves, and cannot make out a map, we have been lucky not to have landed in the proverbial ditch together. We rode over a green plain to-day, thick with camel-bush; saw some gull, which rather puzzled us, as we are far from salt water, but I expect they must come

from Lake Van in Kurdistan, which is salt, though even that is a far journey for them. However, there they were, wherever they came from. The mules got into Schedâde by 3.20—a seven hours' march. It is situated on the Khabûr, and there is an extensive 'tel' with a modern Mohammedan cemetery on its summit, and a well-built fort with five soldiers living in it. There is a ferry here over the river. One can see the Abd-al-Aseez hills away to the left, the long range of the Singar to our right, and the volcanic cone of Koukab more immediately in the foreground. I think it is Sir Henry Layard who rode up to it and refers to it as a 'wide crater, in the centre of which rose the remarkable cone of Koukab. To the left of us was a second crater, whose lips were formed by the jagged edges of basaltic rocks, and in the plain around were several others smaller in size. They were all evidently the remains of an extinct volcano, which had been active within a comparatively recent geological period, even perhaps within the time of history, of tradition, as the name of the mound, Koukab, means in Arabic "a star and a jet of flame."'

I watched a beautiful sunset, from the top of the 'tel'; there is a large Bedouin camp on the left bank of the river. Sir Henry Layard, writing

of the Khabûr, says: 'The Arab boast that its meadows bear three crops of grass during the year, and the wandering tribes look upon its wooded banks and constant greensward as a paradise during the summer months, where man can enjoy a cool shade, and beast can find fresh and tender herbs, whilst all around is yellow parched and sapless.' Two soldiers belonging to the fort who have just come in bringing the post from Ras-el-Ain, report having been attacked; the one with the mail escaped, the other had his rifle taken. The wind fell considerably in the night. The natives brought in a good many engraved stones, cylinders, and coins for sale, and Tig bought up all that looked at all good.

Thursday, 8*th*.—We crossed the Khabûr by ferry boat, the mules were loaded on the far side, and ready to start by 8.30. We came over a green plain with a good road and reached Hiwaizieh, where there is fair water, and a 'tel' with a cemetery, belonging to the Shammar tribe of Bedouin, by 1.30.—five hours' easy march for the caravan. There had been a moderate wind all day; we saw nothing but some gulls and raven. There was not much space to camp here, at least not near the water, which the cook and the muleteers like pitching near;





CHARLES.

consequently the donkeys were tied up almost in my tent, and as two of them are gentlemen and one a lady, I remonstrated, thinking I should get no sleep. I told Charles they were not to be allowed to 'Hee-haw,' but I think he classes it under the unalterable, though as a rule he professes to be simply aching to kill dragons and Bedouins for my sake. He is a good dragoman, that you need never speak twice to; up—and down—to everything; one of those quick Syrian brains to whom the tenth of a split hair is a sufficient definition of the obvious; he can also hold his own in a land of liars, which is distinctly useful. He was sent over to the St. Louis Exhibition, in the Palestine section I think, and enjoys telling me of the 'foolish success' he had with the ladies; he is a good-looking enough fellow, and with Marcus Aurelius he is rather inclined to attribute it to the goodness of the gods that when he falls in love he is soon cured by the sight of someone else. I found out the truth of the Arabian proverb every now and then—'Joke with a slave and he will show you his heels'; but it was invariably my own fault.

There are times when the mind, surrounded by so much desert, seems to grow emptier and emptier; at least, I used to find myself riding

along thinking about the same things day after day, as if one's thoughts went round and round in a circle; and to try and break this circle I would beckon to Charles to ride up and talk to me, and as he had a tongue that worked easily in its socket, he was always forward to do so. The soldiers were fond of singing as they rode; one would sing one line, and the others would all burst in with something or other. Charles' favourite song remains in my head—at least as much as he seemed to know; he was always willing to sing it to me:

Meet me at St. Louis, Louie,
Meet me at the Fair,
Don't tell me the sun is shining
Anywhere but dere.

There must be some more of it, but this is as far as we ever got.

Friday, 9th.—We left camp at 7.20; rode up hill and followed a track towards Jebel Singar; arrived at Gzibe 11.15, where we saw several ducks and geese. There is no village or anything to make it worthy of a name, except the most sought-after treasure in these parts, i.e. water. We lunched here, and the caravan halted to water; and after lunch we went on and lost the track, which wasn't surprising, for it had been undecided and



TWO YEZIDI MEN AND BOY.

quavering for some time, and at last settled to have nothing more to say to us. We found ourselves in a country of steep ravines impossible to cross. The track we should have been on keeps well away to the left nearer the hills. We floundered about for a long time, all of us, for we have a sheepish inclination to follow each other's tails; and when the sons of God went after the daughters of men they couldn't have gone more astray than we did till we came across some Yezidi who were out grazing their cattle, and they put us on the right path again. The muleteers killed a snake over two feet long, which they said was poisonous; but it is rather an ordinary remark, I find, in reference to every snake. We got into Imdieban (mother-of-the-wolf) after a six and three-quarter hours' march; there is a stream here with filthy water to look at, but we bathed in it and drank it as if it was the best. Tig went out to try and shoot some geese, but I do not think he got a shot. Some Yezidi came into camp with strings of dried figs for sale; the Singar figs have a great reputation. We talked to them about Sir Henry Layard, and showed them pictures of him and the Yezidi Sheikh, who had been his friend—which they kissed and seemed to know about by tradition. The ones we saw were all handsome men. Their

stronghold seems to be the Singar range, and apparently they render unto Caesar nothing that is Caesar's, for they are constantly having troops sent against them to collect arrears of taxes; they are supposed to be devil worshippers, and to have mysterious rites in their religion. Sir Henry speaks of Yezidi snake charmers; he also says that they are by their religious laws forbidden to wear the common Eastern shirt, open in front, and this article of their dress is always closed up to the neck.

'Their long rifles are rarely out of their hands, and they carry pistols in their girdles, a sword at their side, and a row of cartouche cases, generally made of cut reeds, in their breast. These additions to their costume, and their swarthy features, give them a peculiar air of ferocity, which according to some is not belied by their characters.' He has written a most interesting account of them and their religion, and this particular camp is described in his book. 'The tents stood near a muddy pool of salt water, thick with loathsome living things and camels' dung. The Arabs call the place Om-el-Dhiban, "the mother of flies," from the insects which swarm around it, and madden by their sting the camels and horses that drink at the stagnant water.'

We are quite close under the Singar range now; it is a solitary range stretching to the Euphrates at one end and the Tigris at the other; we were to learn to know it well by sight as we journeyed to Mosul to the south of it, and returned along the plain to its north. It is furrowed with ravines and looks bare from the distance, but we are not sufficiently near to be able to judge. A very old man has attached himself to the caravan to-day; he is said to be going to Mosul to look out for his son who ran away, from wherever he lives, two years ago. He seems very old and frail, and I should think was out on a goose-chase into the bargain. I gave him some thick stockings that Tig had discarded, for his feet were much cut—also a warm coat; he accepted them, as Mohammedans always do, without a word of thanks, thinking it is your privilege to give. I began the pinafore game again here, and this time really think it is attributable to the water.

Saturday, 10*th*.—One of the donkeys died in the night, poor little animal; none of the beasts have had any grain except millet to eat for some days, and they all have grown weak on it. We left camp by 7.45 and rode parallel to the Singar range, over a green country, and saw quantities of flocks of camels, sheep, and goat

grazing; also a herd of about a dozen gazelle, who made off for the hills. Abraham and Jacob possessed flocks of camel, and they are mentioned also in Esther viii. 14 and 1 Samuel xxx. 17. While we were at lunch some Yezidi came up and demanded toll from Charles, who was in a bitter funk, and paid them about eighteenpence before we knew what all the palavering was about. We rode on and got to Wurdîje (place of roses) at 1.30, a five and three-quarter hours' march. There is a Mohammedan village here, and the Sheikh and half the villagers came out to see us. There is plenty of water here, but it is bad, and three of our staff got diarrhœa, and my pinafore got no better. The name of the Arab tribe here is Khawataieh. The last part of the ride in was very stony, and you come suddenly on Wurdîje. The land is cultivated all along the bottom of the Singar range, a contrast to the bleak looking hills themselves. The horses got good grain to eat again here, and chaff, and we went round to see that they really got it, as we have our suspicions of Selim, the head syce, who is a Jew and a terrible brute. He blinded a horse by striking him in the eye. I fear had I seen him do it he'd have continued life himself with no eyes, for he had only one to begin with.

Sunday, 11*th*.—Left at 7.40; going very

stony; wild flowers are beginning to come out on the plain, and I saw several butterflies, passed lots of flocks, and a succession of Yezidi villagers at the foot of the Singar to our left. About 9.15 came to a good spring of water at Singar, full of fish. From here the road turns away from the Singar more to the right; we could see the town of Singar in the distance, a little way up the mountain side; it looked as if it had high Roman walls. It was a strongly fortified frontier post of the Romans, so perhaps the walls have been kept up ever since—they are certainly remarkable looking from the distance. We passed Yezidi ploughing their fields, with donkeys dragging the plough; also quantities of ruined villages, silent witnesses, probably, of the traditional fights between the Yezidi and their hereditary enemy, the Shammar Bedouin, who range over the desert from the Euphrates to the Tigris. We got into camp at Ain-el-Gazal (spring of the gazelle) after a short five hours' march. Tig went out shooting, and shot some duck, and saw some snipe. We were joined here by Said Aga, and twelve soldiers sent from Mosul. Said told us with gusto that he was a reformed brigand; that in the old days he robbed all the villages around, and is therefore held in great awe and esteem; but that now

he was made Youz-bashi over fifty men by the Turkish Government, and draws a good pension. He said he was once a prisoner at Yemen, from whence he escaped to Bombay. He is a good-looking old fellow, very jovial, but up to any iniquity, I should judge.

Monday, 12*th*.—It began to rain early; we got off by 7.30, and it rained hard till 10—by 11 we could see Tel Afar in the distance. Said told us that there is trouble on the Persian frontier, and troops are being massed at Mosul, which is only seven hours off the frontier, I think. Passed many geese and storks on the way; and also saw mushrooms growing, and a dead hedgehog lying on the ground. We passed an enormous caravan, about two hundred horses and mules, going to Aleppo *via* Deir; the women were carried in covered baskets each side of a horse. The mules arrived at Tel Afar by 4.30—a nine hours' march. Tel Afar is a very picturesque village, mostly Mohammedan inhabitants, with a Turkish fort on the Tel, and orchards by the river; there are numerous storks' nests on the chimneys. Some Christians came to visit me, and told me that rich and poor were being very highly taxed at Mosul now to keep the troops. The wind got up about four, and it was so cold in the night that the bath water was





SHEIKH'S TENT, SHOWING WOMEN'S DIVISION.

frozen quite thick. The drinking water here was bad, though brought from some particular well especially for us; and if we haven't been straining at gnats, it is because there are none, but I am not half convinced that we haven't been swallowing camels lately.

Tuesday, 13*th*.—We left by 7.45, and turned away from Tel Afar to the right, by a road that Said Aga said was dangerous, and so but little used, but as we were under his mighty protection, we might allay our fears. About 10.45 we caught sight of an encampment of Bedouin. At last! Wild horses could not have dragged me past it, though it was off our road to the left. Fancy returning to England, and confessing that we had never seen any of the Nomad Bedouin. Perish the thought! So against the wishes of our followers we made towards it, I, in my eagerness getting ahead, and looking out for the Sheikh's tent, which is supposed to be recognisable by a spear or spears, stuck in the ground in front of it. The right procedure is to approach the tent from the front, not to step over tent ropes or pass any other tent than the one you are making for.

Before I had any time to guess which was the principal tent, I saw a number of Bedouin men coming towards me. I therefore jumped off

my horse, and advanced towards them, and said 'How do you do?' to them in Arabic. I dare say it wasn't at all correct, but it served my purpose, for they took me into a large black goats' hair tent and signed to me to sit down. By the time Tig got there, he found me facing an entire half circle of Bedouin, with their eyes glued on me as if I was a nice savoury morsel, and they just about to swallow me. They offered to prepare coffee and we said 'Yes,' so a fire of camels' dung was blown up, and we sat round it, whilst the coffee was roasted in a long brass spoon, and then the Sheikh pounded it in a brass mortar, Said helping him with a regular clinking that was rather fascinating. It's fortunate we weren't in the West with trains to catch, for we began—well, just leaving out the growing of the coffee berry—but all the rest of it, from the roasting and grinding, till it developed into liquid coffee, and was served out in thimblefuls to us. It's bad manners to pour out any more than a drain at the bottom of the cup, and it's good manners to drink up that drain, making all the noise you possibly can about it. If you can raise a hiccough as well after it, well then you have the *ne plus ultra* of manners.

I could write a dissertation on right and

wrong being merely human conceptions, and, even so, entirely geographical, but my mind is entirely occupied with my Bedouin, whom I have met at last. The greater part of the long tent is taken up by the men; but Tig and I are sitting with our backs against some reed mats that form a screen, and divide the tent. I can see eyes peering at us from the other side of it, so I ask if I may go in there. Leave being given, I am led out the front door, and in by the door in the second division or women's quarters, and soon taken possession of. There is no Charles to translate, but we carry on a highly animated conversation by signs and giggles. I sit down on some bags of grain, and the women squat by me, and the goats come and have a look at me, and the dirty sticky little children paw me. We point to these latter and ascertain, by holding up our fingers, of how many we are the proud possessors.

There isn't a single pretty woman among them. Some of the old ladies are grinding corn and baking bread, and they hardly lift their heads to look at me, and yet they cannot often have seen anything quite as queer to them as myself. They, one and all, even the children, are tattooed—their lips form two dark blue lines, and they have various markings round

their eyes, forehead and cheekbone. Sir Henry Layard says 'the operation is performed by Arab women who wander from tent to tent for the purpose. . . . It is usually done at the age of six or seven; the punctures are made by a needle, and the blue colour is produced by a mixture of gunpowder and indigo rubbed into the wounds. The process is tedious and painful, as the designs are frequently most elaborate, covering the whole body.' The effect is pleasing and recalled to my mind a description of a feast given by Venus to Tannhaüser, where 'there were spotted veils that seemed to stain the skin with some exquisite and august disease. . . . Then Dorat had painted extraordinary grotesques and vignettes over their bodies—here and there, upon a cheek, an old man scratching his horned head; upon a forehead, an old woman teased by an impudent amor; upon a shoulder an amorous singerie: round a breast a circlet of satyrs; about a wrist a wreath of pale unconscious babes; upon an elbow a bouquet of spring flowers; across a back, some surprising scenes of adventure: at the corners of a mouth, tiny red spots, and upon a neck, a flight of birds, a caged parrot, a branch of fruit, a butterfly, a spider, a drunken dwarf, or, simply some initials. But most wonderful of all were the black silhouettes

painted upon the legs, and which showed through a white silk stocking like a sumptuous bruise.' It pleased me to think that these tattooings were *points d'arrêts* to the Bedouin gallants. A single dark blue cotton garment, generally patched, is their usual dress, their hair is plaited into many plaits, rows of beads, perhaps a coin or two, a piece of coral, or an engraved stone, hang round their necks. They were very interested in my attire, taking particular interest in the tweed of my dress. As they do all their own weaving, I expect they were handling and looking at it with expert eyes. The thing that delighted them most were two steel safety pins, and though they were very precious possessions to me, I made them a handsome present of them. I also thought it a fine occasion to get rid of some of the red spotty handkerchiefs from Damascus, so a mule was unloaded, and these were produced, but I saw no signs of enthusiasm over them at all. They say the Porte has been trying to civilise the Bedouin, by educating the sons of the most influential chiefs at Constantinople; perhaps they are weened from a love of spotty handkerchiefs. I left their quarters, to stroll back to the men feeling very much a 'new woman' to be able to walk in thus boldly all among the male sex. I don't think there is much emancipation

about the Bedouin ladies; they looked a poor, cowed lot, the ones I saw, and as if they had been brought up on the principles of a silly old rhyme that came into my head at sight of them :—

> My boy, if you wish to make constant your Venus,
> Attend to the plan I disclose.
> Her first naughty word you meet with a menace,
> Her next—drop your fist on her nose.

Well, instead of being drawn and quartered, here we were being invited to spend the rest of our lives with the Bedouin; and, regretting the impossibility of doing so, taking the tenderest farewells of each other. 'Another illusion gone in life,' sez I to myself as we ride on again; especially as Said Aga entertains me all day with accounts of his mirific adventures, and how his wife was a brigand, too, and rode like a man, and carried a gun. His was life as it should be; I am only writing down, truthfully, life as it is. We had lunch close to a fort, where there is good water running to irrigate the fields. Passed the small village of Mhallabiyeh, with its solitary stork's nest, where Said had some friends; and it began to dawn upon us why we had been brought this route, and not the direct one to Mosul; but steering between Scylla and Charybdis, choosing between God and Mammon, are A B C compared





WASHING CLOTHES IN THE TIGRIS, MOSUL.

to keeping upsides with an Arab. Then across the last ridge of the Singar into a very pretty plain—the plain of Zerga—with purple, white, and pink anenomes just coming up, and beautiful snow mountains to our left. We saw several 'tels,' and got into camp at Onasayib after a seven hours' march. The water here indifferent and thick; the night very cold, but less so.

Wednesday, 14*th.*—Left camp at 7.45—with a beating heart, for we were to arrive at our goal to-day—and rode over the plain till we came to a ridge, from whence we could see Mosul; this made my heart beat faster than ever, and metaphorically I took my shoes from off my feet, for was not the ground we were treading now holy ground? Holy to me, at any rate, who all my life have dreamt of coming here one day. When we reached the city walls, which are of sun-dried brick, we rode round the north of them, and then turned under them along the Tigris; and eventually pitched our camp within the city walls, at the north end of the town, where there is an open space, with nothing near us except a Jacobite church and some mosques. Mosul is situated on the right bank of the Tigris, and my eye instinctively sought the opposite bank, and my heart burned within me, as the Bible says, for there rose the mound that once was Nineveh,

the famous capital of the Assyrian empire. How little it mattered to me that the palaces themselves should have materially vanished; I could reconstruct them all for myself—oh, so easily. I was in my most receptive mood—visions of palaces, colossal monsters: Sargon, Sennacherib, Isarhaddon, Ashur-nasir-pal, rose before me; great kings, mighty kings, kings of hosts, kings of Assyria, who have conquered from beyond the Tigris even to Mount Lebanon and the Great Sea—I have come nine hundred miles as the crow flies (and the Arab doesn't fly like a crow) to salute thee! No matter that Tig keeps repeating that the most minute examination by any impartial observer fails to discover the least thing of interest to be seen; he cannot damp my enthusiasm at all. The wind may blow, and it may rain all night, as it did, but I am going to sleep with my eyes looking towards Nineveh, thoroughly attuned by my environment. Good night, Tiglath-Pileser.

Wednesday, 15th.—We had no time yesterday for anything but a short stroll through the bazaars, which are large and well-stocked for the tastes for which they cater. The streets are narrow and paved, and the bad weather has made them dirty. Saw a great deal of 'button' about (a boil that attacks the face generally and

leaves an ineradicable scar). The chief feature of the modern town is the great mosque with its leaning minaret, the latter visible for a long distance. Both in the bazaars and in my return to camp, I was occupied dodging a Protestant missionary; I don't like being overwhelmed with this sort of people. His wife didn't better matters either by writing to me to say she wished to see a face from the dear homeland. I mostly agree with Heine who said, 'I might settle in England if it were not that I should find there two things, coal-smoke and Englishmen: I cannot abide either.' I may wear a face from the dear homeland, but it represents very few home-bred sentiments. I am full of prejudices, too, about missionaries, both from what I have seen for myself in India, and from what I have heard on fair authority.

I heard of a Baptist missionary at Shechem Nablûs, in Palestine, who lived alternately with his wife and her hand-maiden. The wife died; and he was known as such a bad lot that he could not get another one in the country, so he went to England, and married there, and brought his wife and sister back to Palestine with him. The Baptist church got wind of his goings-on, and sent an inspector round. They had in particular heard that he was lending money at huge

interest. They confronted him with some of his debtors, but he wriggled out of it by saying that it was his wife who had lent money, not himself. When inspecting the school children, who all had Bibles in their hands, the inspector asked one of them to read him something, and the child not understanding a word, it was discovered that the missionary had given them a halfpenny apiece to come and stand there. Another trick of his, when visitors came to inspect his chapel, was to tell them there was a baptism going on of an old woman who was very poor, and in need of everything, and his impressionable visitors would open their purses accordingly. The old woman was always the same one, and was his mother. Near Nazareth another brilliant specimen, belonging to the Church Missionary Society I was told, came there quite poor. He went to England and collected money to build a church; came back and built a house for himself for £4000, and invested in servant-maids, horses, and donkeys; and the church and school, which were in one, cost £400. These stories may not be true, but I am prejudiced enough to think that they most probably are.

We got a post here, I don't know how it got here; mine consisted of two bills and an advertisement. I wonder if my friends in England

realise in the least where we are; I don't think ninety-nine out of a hundred have even heard of Mosul, or have the foggiest idea where it is. A jingle of Rudyard Kipling's comes into my head:—

There's nothing Nineveh town can give
(Nor being swallowed by whales between)
Makes up for the place where a man's folk live
That don't care nothing what he has been.
He might ha' been that, or he might ha' been this,
But they love and they hate him for what he is.

Thursday, 15*th*.—Tig went to call on the Wali. I awaited him on the further side of the bridge across the Tigris. Sir Henry Layard writes in his time, 'The bridge of Mosul consists of a number of rude boats bound together by iron chains. Planks are laid from boat to boat, the whole is covered with earth. During the spring floods this frail bridge would be unable to resist the force of the stream: the chains holding it on one side of the river are then loosened, and it swings round. All communication between the two banks of the river is thus cut off, and a ferry is established until the floods subside, and the bridge can be replaced.' Well, things are a little more advanced—not much—since Sir Henry's day; that is to say, you still use a bridge exactly as he describes, perhaps with the

addition of some blind beggars begging from the passers-by from the bows of the boats—till you get to the middle of the river. There you ascend by sloping planks on to a grand stone bridge, that I think I am right in saying got this far, half-way across from the further bank, fifteen years ago. There, as is a way in Turkey-land, it stopped short, and will not be even kept in repair. It would be interesting to know how much it costs to half-build everything and then leave it alone.

Eventually Tig joined me, and we rode towards the 'tel' of Kuyunjik, or Nineveh. We had to ford the Khozr river, which happened to be deep just then, and then rode up on to the mound and spent the whole morning exploring it—going down those shafts that are not closed in, and searching among the refuse of stone and brick for bits of cuneiform inscriptions. There are the remains of a flooring of slabs carved with rosettes and the lotus, but this is all there is to be seen of the once wonderful palaces of Sennacherib and Ashur-bani-pal--the latter the Assyrian form of the Greek Sardanapalus. It was in Ashur-bani-pal's palace that were found the records of the Chaldean accounts of the Creation and Deluge. We may exclaim with Ezekiel, 'Now is Nineveh a desolation and dry



BANKS OF THE TIGRIS, MOSUL, WITH UNFINISHED BRIDGE
IN THE BACKGROUND.



like a wilderness: and flocks lie down in the midst of her.' There was a flock of sheep and goats to make the picture complete. As Sir Henry says, 'The traveller is at a loss to give any form to the rude heaps upon which he is gazing. Those of whose works they are the remains, unlike the Roman and the Greek, have left no visible traces of their civilization or of their arts: their influence has long since passed away. The more he conjectures the more vague the results appear. The scene around is worthy of the ruin he is contemplating: desolation meets desolation: a feeling of awe succeeds to wonder; for there is nothing to relieve the mind, to lead to hope, or to tell of what has gone by. These huge mounds of Assyria made a deeper impression upon me, gave rise to more serious thoughts and more earnest reflection, than the temples of Balbec and the theatres of Ionia.'

The Bible says Nimrod went out into Assyria, and builded himself Nineveh, but history is really lost; it is only known that mighty races inhabited the land more than twenty centuries before the Christian era; and the traces they have left are just enough to make the present desolation all the greater; the desert is desolate enough, but these ruins of a passed away race seem to accentuate the desolation.



over their faces. Buffalo seem to be used; we saw none till we got to Mosul. Charles tells me there are twelve regiments of infantry here and a thousand cavalry; but I don't see many of them about. He also told me that the missionary I so skilfully avoided always kissed his wife in public, but instead of this being put down to Christian love, the natives say perhaps he was a poor man, and she 'made' him, so he did it from gratitude!

Friday, 16*th*.—Had a visit from the Wali, Mustapha Bey; the natives brought up a quantity of Assyrian cylinders and engraved stones and coins for sale, with a very good idea of their value. They say there is a factory near Baghdad for making imitations, and I think they are quite sharp enough for it to be very likely.

Saturday, 17*th*.—I had meant to ride to Khorsabad to-day with Said Aga, but it is too wet and windy. It is about fourteen miles N.N.E. of Mosul, and the palace of Sargon was mostly excavated by the French; the slabs from it are in the Louvre in Paris now.

Of course, really, a visit to Mosul is seriously incomplete without going to see Kal-at-Sherkât. Unfortunately we were so pressed for time that we had to give up all idea of going—it would have meant at least three more days, and Tig

is writing to the Wali to-day, to say we wish to start on our way back north to-morrow. Kal-at-Sherkât lies to the south of Mosul; the Germans are working there now, and it would have been most interesting to see. The city was called Ashur (Gen. x. 11), and it is supposed to be the site of the first great settlement of the people afterwards known as Assyrians. From there one should go inland to El Hathr, where there are remarkable ruins that some think are Sassanian and some Parthian. It would have taken us a week or ten days, and we had come all this long way, tied to dates in our Western way, and felt obliged to hurry back without seeing it.

We might have made the return journey by going down the Tigris by raft to Baghdad, whence we could have visited the ruins of Babylon by carriage, and then taken a steam-boat down the river from Baghdad to Busra, and so back to England by sea; but Father Neptune always claims a heavy toll from me, so I was rather glad when it was settled that we were to return by the northerly route, though it is the more expensive with our big escort. The usual pay for a soldier is a mijidie a day (about 3*s*. 4*d*.), and they are supposed to support themselves and their animals. I noticed, though, that they had a happy way of hobbling their animals at night, and

from the kickings and stampedings that went on, I judge they had wandered up to where our horses were picketed, and were eating their grain.

Wheat is 6lbs. for a piastre in the Mosul bazaar now, and we are taking a supply along. Our poor horses and mules will, at any rate, have had a three days' rest here; the daily travelling was telling upon them.

Stayed in camp all day. The German and English agents for the consulate called. They tell me the people of Mosul were very excited at our coming, and thought we were the Prince and Princess of Wales, who were travelling in the East at this time. I suppose my title of Emiri helped them to the supposition; at any rate, we were taken for the children of the great English king. I never knew what fame was before. I don't think my robe can have looked very royal. I started from Damascus with one short tailor-made skirt, but by the time I got to Deir, the pommel of Thomas Cook & Sons' extraordinary saddle had worked itself through, so it had a leather patch put upon it in the Deir bazaar; but whether the leather was too heavy for it, or whether the tweed was rotten by rain or nature, I don't know. Anyhow it kept on 'going' in various directions, and when I got into camp of

an evening, and was going to take my bath, I used to throw skirt and boots outside the tent, and David would carry the boots off for a polish, and hand the skirt over to the muleteers, who were the 'seamstresses' of the party, and they would tie it together with a bit of string. S. Bey had given me his khahki-coloured Arab hood at Palmyra, which I had worn most of the way; two pairs of stockings which were quite worn out by the time we got to Mosul, and three handkerchiefs that I used to wash in my bath, with one change of underlinen which I washed similarly, was the whole of my luggage, except for an old black dress, kept for state occasions—visits from Walis and such-like—and that usually lived rolled up at the bottom of a kit-bag. I had not much to pack, and that is a consideration with early morning starts. Charles bought me two pairs of black cotton stockings in Mosul bazaar, which I hoped would see me back, at any rate, as far as Aleppo, for stockings don't grow on camel-bushes in the desert. It rained all night.

Sunday, 18*th*.—We were to have started this morning, but Charles came at 6 A.M. to say that Selim the cook was very ill, and that no answer had come from the Wali about escort; so we had to stay a day longer. Selim has pains in the usual place and is all embodied sighs and groans,

being administered to by a doubtful-looking doctor. If he gets worse, at any rate he cannot blame our medicine-box.

Monday, 19*th*.—A wet morning, but Selim is well enough to start, though uncommonly sorry for himself, and we are to have our old escort, with Said Aga; so after the camp is struck, I go and take shelter in the Jacobite Church, which is curious and rather picturesque, whilst Tig goes off to the bazaar to see if any merchant will give him money for a bold-bad cheque. We had brought a good big bag of it along with us, but what between curio-buying and being paymaster to the Turkish troops, there is none left. I leave 'The Literary Guide' and 'The Liberty Review' on the camping ground, in the hope that they may find their way to the missionaries.

As I ride through the bazaars, I am joined by the German agent, also on horseback, who I think has been so pleased to see some Europeans that he is feeling like Cinderella being left behind now. He rides with me as far as the Monastery of St. George, which is off the road to the right, which he insists is worth my while to visit. There is absolutely nothing there to see, except a view of Mosul from the flat roof. We sit up there, and the priests bring us coffee. It is a Greek monastery, I think—or it may be

Armenian—I only notice that one of the priests wears a brown leather belt with a 28th Bombay Infantry buckle, that he tells me he bought in the Mosul bazaar. Tig joins us here, and we say good bye to Cinderella, who looks very forlorn; and he turns south, and we turn north, taking the same road probably that Xenophon and his ten thousand Greeks took in the 4th century B.C. It cleared up, and we rode all day past cultivated fields, and followed iron telegraph posts with a London mark on them. We got into Filfil ('pepper') after a six and three-quarter hours' march, and pitched camp in a cemetery—the water looks horrid here, so the moral is not to look at it. Our servants say the villagers are quite unintelligible, which simplifies matters.

Tuesday, 20th.—Left camp 7.15 A.M. and followed telegraph posts again; the going was very up and down hill. We crossed several streams; the fields are cultivated all the way, and we passed numerous villages. Left Deiristun to our right. Mountains, with snow mountains behind them, lie to our right all day. Said Aga pointed out a hill, where he said Yezidis lived, who hated Mohammedans, and that the Government had sent him and his brother, each with sixty men, to attack them. They killed 170, with no losses on their own side, cut down the

trees and burnt their bodies, so that when other Yezidis came in to complain, and Government sent out to see the truth, they could find no corpses, so did not believe the Yezidi tale. Said told the story with much chuckling, and it would have been unkind to question the weak points in his story; and he would not have understood any more than an old carp if one had. There is a lot of water lying about, and the going has been very swampy. Said makes one of his unfortunate subordinates ride beside him on a mule holding the bowl of his narghile, whilst he puffs at it, or waves the tube about in the air, illustrating his stories. He is an amusing old ruffian, who likes to 'extend his tongue' and has no use for bushels as vessels of extinguishment. Saw several tortoises to-day on the banks of the streams, and a bright green frog.

We reached Faiydeh after a five and three-quarter hours' march, and camped south-east of the village; the water looks clearer here. Tig went out shooting and saw duck and snipe and some strange water bird. After dinner, Said Aga came into the dinner-tent looking very mysterious. He was full of the fatal too much, and the gift of speech came upon him. He said he was the owner of several villages, but the Turkish Government made him pay such

extortionate taxes, that he and his sons wished the Emiri to sign a paper in which they made them all over to her, for the Government wouldn't dare to rob an English lady, and then only lawful taxes would be paid. I was to live in England as usual, and appoint Said Aga to be my land agent. If I smiled at the thought of becoming a landed proprietor in Assyria, my smile was a pure oversight, for poor old Said was in tears—no matter if they were 'arak' ones. I expect the trouble on the Persian frontier was touching him up too: and no doubt he was being cruelly robbed to help pay the troops. So I told him I must think it over, and he went away swearing eternal devotion to me; with no conception in his head that protestations made in moments of physical excitement are apt to come home to roost. Charles, who doubtless had been listening outside, fearing perhaps I might have my hopes of owning villages in Assyria dissipated, told me oracularly, as he laced me into my tent at bed-time, that there is an Arab proverb that says 'Words are butter by night, which melt in the morning.' True for you, Charles—I 'll put off thinking what I will do with my villages.

Wednesday, 21st.—In the morning we were taken by a villager to see some Assyrian rock

sculptures in the hill to the right of Faiydeh, as you approach it from Mosul. There are traces of a very ancient road, and of large sculptured rocks, but the latter are almost hidden underground. Doubtless they are known to the various people who have done the excavations in these parts, and perhaps they have left them undergound purposely, where at any rate they can come to no harm by the hand of man.

We left Faiydeh at 7.30 A.M., and rode through grass land and cultivated land, and in about an hour and a half came to some ravines, and a river to ford; after which the going was very heavy and swampy for the rest of the day, and the poor laden mules made hard work of it. Passed Semil about 10, and got into camp at Asi right up under the Kurdish mountains after an eight hours' march. The water is good here; our camp is pitched in an orchard, and it is distinctly colder. Asi means 'outlaw'; the inhabitants are Kurds, and wear very odd felt coats, with pointed shoulders, and wide trousers. Two fresh soldiers from Zakho joined us here, which may be as well, for I do not think old Said knows anything about the route; he has been very silent all day, and his face wears signs of a misspent night.

Thursday, 22nd.—We left camp at 7.40 by

a stony road, following the foot of the hills for an hour, and passing a lot of flocks, sheep, kine, and horses. Evidently also there was a small shrine, for from a tree fluttered myriads of little rags. It is the custom in the East to tear a piece from your garment, and place it near the tomb of a holy person. I could have easily left a piece of my dress, but it was too precious to waste on unknown saints. The road then turns into the Kurdish mountains, by an easy pass, 2700 feet, and the road is very good, as much of it as has been completed; but it wouldn't be a Turkish road were it all finished. Every now and then one has to leave it and take to desperate scrambling. We reached the top of the pass in half an hour, where there is an old cistern with steps leading down to it, and a lovely view of the snow mountains on ahead. We left behind us for the present the great Plain of Mesopotamia. Descending, the road is made for a bit, and then ends in a very stony path; plenty of good water is obtainable by the side of the road, so we sat down to lunch, and were joined by an escort of soldiers from Zakho, with whom we rode on. The land is cultivated this side of the pass, and we saw many vineyards; and the climate began to be distinctly warmer as we descended. We met a lot of people on the





ZAKHO.

road. We reached Zakho after a four hours and forty minutes' march, and I saw a sight that I have never seen before—women bathing, quite naked, close to men. Sir Henry Layard says that he saw women bathing at almost every door in the village of Radla in the Tiyari country; he adds: 'This simple and primitive mode of washing is there publicly practised among all the Chaldean tribes, particularly on the Saturday.' The village is situated on an island in the Khabûr, connected to the right bank by a bridge, a little beyond which our camp was pitched. Said went to see the Kaimakam, and came back and reported he was rude—or Said thought so.

Friday, 23rd.—Huge excitement here this morning, for a caravan of mules whom we passed yesterday, and who stopped the night at Zakho, were attacked by robbers; two men went in pursuit, and one never returned. Was he murdered, taken prisoner, or did he fall into the river? *Non lo sa.*

We left at 7.30, and rode past the town to a curious-looking bridge that crosses the Khabûr further down. It has a legend connected with it. Three times the bridge fell whilst it was being built, and the workmen said, 'It requires blood: we will give it the first that crosses it.'

A beautiful girl, a dog and her puppies came along, but the dog and the puppies hung back, so the girl was built alive into the masonry, with her arm and its gold bracelet left out. Even without the story, the bridge is very picturesque. We rode past cultivated fields, always keeping near the river, till 10 o'clock, when we reached a broad rapid river, the Hazil-Su, with a very strong current, but not very deep. On the opposite bank we are in Anatolia. We passed several villages, and cultivation all day, snow mountains lying on our right. We reached the Christian village of Nahravan after six and a half hours' march; plenty of water here, but indifferent. Tig went out snipe-shooting. A caravan joined us, and camped here too, and as the night was cold, I invited the daughter of the merchant, a Turkish girl of fourteen, to sleep in my tent. I found her out in the open with a zareeba of grain bags around her; she turned out to be a divorcée, and her old father was taking her home. Charles' excitement was intense that she should sleep in my tent, as the muleteers of her caravan had said she was very beautiful. He did his best to get a peep at her through the tent door as she was preparing to lie down, but I think I was equal to him, for I blew out the candle. To-night was much warmer. A terrible

BRIDGE NEAR ZAKHO.



noise towards midnight: repeated shots, and both Tig and I rushed to the rescue, and might easily have got shot for our pains. Here at last, I thought, it was time to shake in our shoes—only we were in bed and our shoes off. The whole camp was thrown into commotion, and Said said there were robbers about. This not being our first night alarm—one of our escort having once fired at a stone near which he had been standing for hours—we crawled back to bed, I for one feeling rather ashamed at having been lured out it, and in the morning we were told that one of the mules' halters had been stolen. I think Said felt obliged to say something.

Saturday, 24th.—The little Turkish girl was distinctly pretty, and I told her so in my best Arabic. She only knew Turkish, but I think a little feeling of vanity passed through where her mind should have been. I could describe how she looked lying on her mattress at the side of my bed with her small malicious breasts; but she is a little veiled lady ordinarily, and, after all, there is one art—to omit. So allow me to stop dead short. Charles loitered about, but only caught sight of her completely swathed up. No wonder he was dispirited as we rode along, and gave me a disquisition on the otherness of things—

whether married men made the best husbands, and other such top-lofty questions. We left by 7, and at 8.30 we got to a river, from where we rode along the left bank of the Tigris. Forded a biggish river, the Murdush, about 10, and after lunch rode over a pass, from the top of which we could see Jezireh-ib-Omar (island of the son of Omar); its ancient name was Bezabde. The bridge of boats that leads across the Tigris to Jezireh on the opposite side was destroyed about ten days ago, and we had to cross by boat, which took us from first to last about one and a quarter hours. We reached the river bank by 12.45, and did not begin pitching camp opposite till 2. I watched a Mohammedan saying his prayers whilst waiting for the boat; the sight has been so uncommon lately as to attract my notice, for none of our escort, all of whom have been Mohammedans, and none of our servants, some of whom are followers of the Prophet, ever say their prayers. As for the Bedouin *on dit* that they have hardly any notions on religion, and the thought of a beyond concerns them as little as the other side of the moon. We can see the Jebel Yudi facing us; it is where the ark is supposed to have rested, according to the Kurds. Above Jezireh, the ten thousand crossed at Til. We had practically followed their march from



TIGRIS AT JEZIREH, AND JEBEL YUDI, WHERE, ACCORDING TO THE KURDS, THE ARK RESTED.



Mosul till to-day. The Tigris leaves the mountains near here, and about one and a half miles below the town are the remains of an old bridge called Pir-i-Bafit, of which one arch and the piers are standing. Jezireh itself lies low, and is surrounded by a moat. It is a curious town, but dirty and unhealthy looking.

Sunday, 25th.—We had great farewells with Said and his soldiers to-day, who have to return to Mosul from here. I am quite sorry, as though he was rather economical with the truth, he was very generous with the other thing, and used to keep me amused as we marched along; a great many of his stories were *pour épater les bourgeois*, and he had certainly succeeded in doing so at all the villages we had passed. We now had an officer who understood no Arabic, and as that is all our staff can talk, intercourse is limited; but we have managed to get off from Jezireh with only three soldiers, which is an improvement.

We left Jezireh at 8.30, rode round the town to the south, then followed a winding path, crossed a river, and climbed a hill, and then found ourselves on a plateau with a Turkish roadway, got into camp at Kieylaneih, a five hours forty minutes' march, after two hours of the most horrible stony track imaginable, along

which we came partly scrambling, and wholly 'kussing.' Owing to the heavy rain there has been, too, if the horse did find a piece of ground to step on between the rocks, he sunk in over his fetlocks. We passed fields covered with white narcissus, wholly lovely; our staff are very fond of flowers, and always stop to pick them.

Kieylanieh is a dirty little village, with one mulberry tree; our camp is almost in the graveyard. It has been very hot all day, but the night is cool. The Kurdish inhabitants of the village are on the alert all night, for they had a fight with the Yezidi the night before we arrived, when a Yezidi was killed on our camping-ground, and they are expecting them to return to revenge him ; two soldiers are quartered here, but if to maintain peace among these 'hot spirits, sons of Thunder,' they might as well be elsewhere. There is no grain to be bought for the horses; the whole village looks very poor, and of the inhabitants who come to stare at us, sore eyes, dirty noses, sticky fingers, are some of their unpleasing characteristics.

Monday, 26th.—The night passed quietly—it would not be our luck to see a fight with the Yezidi. We left at 6.30 and picked our shut-mouthed way over an abominably stony track for an hour and a half, lunched at Deirun, where

JEZIREH.



we dropped one of our escort, and continued with only two to Hajirlow, which we reached after eight and a half hours' march. We passed several villages all day, very much alike—a mound, a cemetery, a mulberry tree, and a stork's nest; but the ground is uncultivated except near the villages. Nearing Deirun there were several ruined villages. Low hills have lain most of the day to our right, and the Singar range is again visible in the far distance to our left; it seems an old friend, and its outline is unmistakable, though we are now seeing it from the north, and before reaching Mosul we journeyed along its southern side. The day has been cooler. At night we were awakened by hearing two shots, but we turned over and went to sleep again; bag, another stone.

Tuesday, *27th*.—Left 6.45, and rode past numerous villages, built on the top of mounds; kept the Singar range in view, and the going quite good. We saw a dust-storm going on as we approached Nisibin, but it fortunately kept out of our way, and we arrived after a seven and a quarter hours' march, and camped on a pretty ground outside the town of Nisibin, by a mill and some poplar trees. We were rather devoured by sand-flies, however, and the mosquitoes had a tiresome way of inspecting one. The

water is good and plentiful, and the bazaar good; it is delightful to have any change from fowl for dinner, which is our usual food. At the small villages they can generally be bought, and the unhappy creatures travel in our tin bath on a mule's back, and after we get into camp fulfil destiny by hanging yellow legged on the kitchen tent door, ready plucked for roasting; but as Mark Twain says, usually roasting don't convince their sort. A sentry at night shot seven times, to keep his spirits up and imaginary Yezidi off; no one in camp bothered even to awake. *On se fait à tout.*

Wednesday, 28th.—Tig and I rode in the morning to see the Jacobite Church of St. James. The Jacobites are called after Jacobus, a monk at Constantinople, who was consecrated a bishop in 541. 'The Jacobite Church has for its distinctive doctrinal principle the monophysite thesis with regard to the person of Christ.' A service was going on, which we stopped to watch for a little. We were shown, under ground, the tomb of St. James, the Syrian bishop 310—30. It is of marble, with a large hole in one side, and worn shiny with the kisses of 'the Faithful'; there is also a very old figure, much defaced, on the altar upstairs. Rode on to see a few standing Corinthian columns of a Roman temple, near

which there are many pits where the inhabitants dig up dressed stones when they want to build. There is nothing of much interest to be seen. Nisibin was a famous town in antiquity, often mentioned in the cuneiform inscriptions. It was the residence later (B.C. 149 C.E. 14) of the Armenian kings, and during the wars between the Romans and Persians, it was important as a strong frontier fortress.

It was very hot all day. In the evening the Kaimakam and some Turkish gentlemen came to call, the former bringing his son, aged four, who asked for a cigarette. 'Let him have it by all means, Charles,' I said, 'it can but make him sick.' But it didn't.

Thursday, 29th.—A windy morning. We left at 7.30 with an escort of three, rather stony going; the road bore to the right under the hills. We could see the whereabouts of Mardin several times during the ride from Nisibin to Dara, which we reached after five and a half hours, the mules having gone very slowly to-day for no good reason. Tig and I went and walked about the ruins. Our camp is pitched by a mill before you get to them, and we saw a curious half underground building that seemed to be a cistern, and looked like a fortress. There are also rock tombs to be visited in the hills beyond the village.

The inhabitants of Dara are picturesque and brought a quantity of coins for sale. The wind fell in the afternoon, and the clouds came up; a much cooler day. We could see the Singar, and Jebel Kerbul, and the Abdul Assez hills, all away in the far distance on our left. The water is indifferent in camp, as it passes through the village before reaching us; it rained and blew in the night.

Friday, 30*th*.—Left camp 7.30 and rode along a very stony path past the quarries with the rock tombs, and regretted it was raining too hard to make a stop or examine them. After riding two hours, three flat-topped hills came into view, one of which is Mardin. We came to a village, Heirien, in three and a half hours, where the road turned to the right, and from there we followed a made road into Mardin. One of our escort came from Mardin to Nisibin to join us, so there has been no mistake about the route. Another soldier, an old man, has wound so many folds of yellow cloth round his fez and chin that only his eyes are visible. He wouldn't pass as a smart cavalry officer, poor old creature. He coughs like a sick ewe, too. Unfortunately Mardin itself, built on a high hill, is hidden from view by clouds. We passed pretty orchards in blossom on the way up, but we had a wretched

camping-ground on the side of the road, just before reaching the town gate. The Mutessarifs' secretary called, and said to-day and the 17th March they always expect bad weather, but he couldn't say why. Anything to do with the equinox, I wonder? The mules took five and three quarter hours marching to-day. On our way up we caught sight of the ninth-century Syrian monastery—Deir Zaferan, at which Buckingham stopped. It cleared up about 3 P.M., and the wind dropped at sunset, and we had a splendid view of the plain. It is a most curious sight, with mounds rising on it like blisters. Sir Henry Layard writes: 'The traveller who has looked down from Mardin for the first time upon the plains of Mesopotamia can never forget the impression which that singular scene must have made upon him.' I suppose every mound represents what was once a town—for the Assyrians, when they were going to build, used first to make a platform of sun-dried bricks and earth, thirty or forty feet above the level of the plain—a great undertaking, and whether for reasons of health, or as safer from attack, or for what reason, it would be difficult to say. They probably had forced labour to enable them to build in such a manner. For instance,' Capt. Jones ('Journal of the Asiatic Society,' Vol. XV.

p. 326) has calculated that the mound of Koyunjik contains 14,500,000 tons of earth, and that its construction would have taken 10,000 men for twelve years.' Cheops had his rival in Assyria, for 'on all sides, as far as the eye could reach, rose the grass-covered heaps, marking the sites of ancient habitations.'

Saturday, 31*st*.—The morning looked cloudy. Left camp at 10 A.M. and rode through the town, where Charles invested in some more black cotton stockings for me. The streets are very steep, as the whole town is built on the side of a hill. There are some French Catholic nuns here, I believe—a funny part of the world for them to find themselves in, and I wonder how they managed the journey here. We had an escort of four soldiers, none of whom had had any pay for months, and Charles was obliged to advance them some; they were nice, respectable-looking men, a better class than we have had since Said Aga's men left us. The road from the top to the bottom of the hill takes two hours to go down; then there is another three-quarters of an hour stony riding, after which one gets on to the plain. Passed a large caravan, going our way, with some Christian women carried in frames each side of horses. One put her hand out, and I saw it was stained with a dark blue

diamond pattern all over the back, and the nails dipped in henna.

There were showers all morning, and after four hours' marching we reached Tel Armin, a small village of Roman Catholic Armenians, in a perfect deluge; we took shelter in the Mudir's house. About five in the afternoon it cleared a little, and we paddled out to see the ruins of what must once have been a very fine mosque that they say is over a thousand years old.

The new 'itis' since Mardin is Ibrahim Pasha. From Damascus to the Singar we had Bedouin-itis, then we caught Yezidiitis, lately we have had Kurditis, and now it has developed into Hamidiehitis. The Bedouin used to be the terror of Northern Mesopotamia, but a few years ago the Sultan had some of the Kurds formed into regiments of irregular cavalry, arming them with Martini rifles. Ibrahim Pasha, by birth half Kurdish and Bedouin descent, is their leader. As far as I can make out, he robs more from the poor inhabitants than ever the Bedouin did. This little village, for instance, is said to pay him £70 a year to be protected. I can hardly believe it, for I do not know where they would raise so much money. Ibrahim seems to be a law unto himself, and has a friend in high court circles at Constantinople to throw a good light

on his high-handed proceedings. This is all gossip, and may none of it be true; but he is evidently a romantic character, who takes you prisoner one day, and gives you a mare the next. As Charles pertinently remarks, *that* doesn't cost him much. Of course, I am dying to meet him, but do not mind betting two dollars to a last year's bird's-nest that I don't.

An Armenian priest came to the Mudir's house, and each time the Mudir left the room—which he did frequently, as an anxious host looking after our comfort—he began to tell me in French how cruelly the Christians were treated by the Turkish Government. He seemed to think I had been sent especially to rescue them, for he kept on repeating to me 'Délivrez-nous.' I had no oil to pour into his wounds, except to advise them to turn Mohammedan, which advice struck me as excellent. I remembered the old calculation, that ends up 'And six Jews to cheat one Armenian.' The Mudir pressed me mightily to stay in his house for the night, and our staff said it was too wet to pitch camp. I insisted, however, that they should, as I had reasons for not wishing to stay at the Mudir's. I dined there, however, and Tig shared his room with him, Charles coming to protect me—which was more like setting the fox to keep the geese! It was fine

all night and they had put down dry straw on the floor of my tent, so I was quite comfortable.

Sunday, April 1st.—It began raining again in the morning—it 's some three days now since we last saw the sun, and I am beginning to feel anxious about it. We left at 7.45 and followed what might be a very good track, only to-day it is very heavy, with two or three streams to cross. The last three-quarters of an hour in to El Mushluk is very stony; and, as it came on to pour heavily, we settled to camp here—though it is no fireside—four and three quarter hours from Tel Armin. We rode parallel to the Tur Abdin hills all day. Could get no barley at this camp for the horses, and everything feels wet and disgusting. It 's tiring work, too, when the ground is so swampy, for the solid quantity of marching done is out of proportion to the amount of floundering and squishing. My love of Mesopotamia comes near taking a chill at moments, on a half-fed, weary horse.

Monday, 2nd.—Left at 7.15; heavy going, but, if fine, ought to be excellent. The road goes through very good pasture land, and we saw several encampments all along, and picked some pretty wild iris, pale violet and yellow mixed. . . . Had three-quarters of an hour of very stony going before reaching Helal, where there is a

broadish stream to cross. We sent to get barley from the well-built house of a Colonel Hussein Kunj'oo of the Hamadieh, on the other side of the village, whilst we lunched by the stream. We then rode on for two and a half hours and camped about fifteen feet from a stream called Jergab-el-Foaka (the higher stream), that runs into the Khabûr from the Kuraja Dagh. It was so swollen by rain that we had some little excitement in crossing it. Marching to-day has taken seven and three-quarter hours; water, of course, is plentiful here, but not over clean. We had several thunder-storms after arriving, and before the camp got pitched, which means wet bedding. After we had gone to bed and I was asleep, Charles came to tell me the river had risen to the doors of my tent, and that they had already removed the other tents. I was so tired and sleepy, and insensible to what might happen next, that I asked nothing better than to be drowned, so I absolutely refused to stir, and told Charles to betake himself to where the worm never dies. Luckily for me, my tent door was the high water-mark, which we could see by the débris left there in the morning, for the river went down in the night as rapidly as it had risen.

Tuesday, 3rd.—Started at 9.45, a butt for

the elements as usual; the going was very heavy, and also very stony in parts. Crossed two rivers, which might easily have been more formidable, or indeed impassable, had there been a little more rain. Charles generally goes in first, with Tig and myself at his heels; the escort see their duty quite elsewhere, and take an interest on the bank to watch whether we shall supply material for an inquest; when they see no one has drowned they condescend to come over, too. Nearing Viranshehar we could see the snow tops of the Haraja Dagh to the left in the background. The mules took six and one quarter hours to reach Viranshehar, but it ought to be under four hours' march. Owing to the bad weather we went to the house of the Roman Catholic Armenian priest—a great stretching of my conscience to do so, but it was limp with so much rain. We had a visit in the afternoon from Mohammed Aga of the Hamadieh, with a son just big enough to be seen by an inquiring eye, who likewise smoked cigarettes, to show the stuff he was made of. Tig had previously been to call on him about escort, and had been much taken with his house.

We had a scheme to go from here to Haran, a city that has been identified as the place to which Abraham went after leaving Ur of the

Chaldeans. However that may be, it is of extreme antiquity, and often mentioned in the cuneiform inscriptions; it is reported as the most interesting place in the country left to excavate. We were most anxious to take this route, and, as it lay partly through the Hamadieh country, we had an off-chance of coming across the great Ibrahim Pasha. But Mohammed Aga absolutely refused to give us escort either that route, or on the only alternate one, the Urfa road, because of a feud of twelve years' standing with the Bedouins. The only thing then to be done was to take our Mardin escort along the Urfa road, as they did not know the way to Haran, and we had not the time to spend looking for it. This is a great blow—almost as bad as not seeing Kalat Shergat: it would have been so interesting to see the place, with a view of one day, perhaps, getting leave to work there 'important mounds'—they doubled in importance now that we could not go there. I wasn't so very interested about Abraham, because supposing he ever existed, or that this was the place he really went to, he was not there long enough to have left any 'remains' behind him. As regards him, I like how Herbert Spencer expressed himself—'*I find something astonishing*' (the italics are mine) 'in the supposition that the Cause from which have arisen

30 millions of suns with their attendant planets, made a bargain with Abraham to give him territory in exchange for allegiance.'

Tig's medicine box was much in request here, from Mohammed Aga himself to the unwashed, who chiefly suffered from sore eyes.

The priest refused to dine with us because he was fasting; he brought out some wine for us, however, that tasted like camel's blood and sawdust mixed together; he took an active part though in the buying of coins and cylinders that the people brought to Tig, and I wondered if some of the money stuck to his hands.

Wednesday, 4*th*.—Tig and Charles rode on to see if the river was fordable, and reporting that it was, though it had rained all night, we left about 9.45, Tig having given a handsome present to the priest, nominally for his school, in reality, to remunerate him for any expense he had been put to in putting up ourselves and our staff. After we had gone he, or his servant, told Selim our cook that we had forgotten to pay, and got the money out of him; at least Charles had some story to this effect. I think next time I read in the European papers of Armenian massacres all my sympathies will be with the Turks; I only wonder they have not murdered the whole lot. We have seen a good

few lately, and have found them a whining, cringing, despicable people.

We lost the way to-day, and wandered about a good deal in blinding rain. After eight days of rain, I am still under the impression that I am having good fun, and am learning, like Mrs. Gamp, 'not to proticipate, but take things as they comes and as they goes.' Can earth give anything better when you suffer from what the phrenologists would call 'uninhabitiveness,' as I do, than this wandering on from day to day, never knowing when you will be in some place else? Tig thinks it must be badly supplied with luxuries if it cannot. We camped by a river, after four and a half hours' march, near a village of tents; crossed two biggish rivers to-day, over the horses' girths, and pitched camp in a perfect downpour. All our bedding is soaked through, and the tents have never had a chance of drying; they get a dip in the rivers, too, on the mules' backs, in case they should be trying to dry. We carried barley with us for the horses from Viranshehar, for we shall probably get none now till Urfa. Very cold at night, and nothing to be got out of sodden blankets but mush-rheumatic pains.

Thursday, 5th.—The morning is fine. O frabjous joy. We opened the tents and spread

the carpets to dry a bit before starting; fresh snow has fallen on the hills. Left at 8.30, and were agreeably surprised to find the going as good as it was. A drying wind blew, too; got into camp at Muhammed Khan, which is a good half-mile off the road to the right, and if we had not been directed there by a local shepherd we should never have found it for ourselves. It was a six hours' march to-day. There is no village, only an empty Khan, and curious remains of what must have been at one time a town; quantities of shallow wells cut in the rock, and conduits cut in the solid rock leading to them. We walked to see quite a number of rock tombs, all of which had been rifled, there were curious domed buildings near the wells, with steps, sometimes, leading down into them, and we could not decide whether they were granaries, or tombs, or habitations. The water is fair. An old Arab told us to look out at night, as there were thieves about. Fine night.

Friday, 6th.—A lovely morning, but high wind, which dried the roads well. Left camp 7.45, and soon got into a very rocky pass, which took about two hours to go through, then followed a very stony path till we got into the plain again. Saw a lot of fine sheep with broad tails. Rode past the village of Jelabi, leaving

Merj half an hour to the left, and got into camp at Kortykran after seven hours' marching; pitched the tents near a dirty little Arab village. The wind blew hard all night; water dirty.

I fell out with Selim the groom to-day and gave him corporalities; he was leading my horse, who leads badly, and to persuade him to come on he cut his tongue with a penknife. When I had examined the wound I gave him a cut with my whip, whereupon he was extremely cheeky, and at lunch started off to leave us. Much to our disgust, however, after going a few yards, he came back, though we assured him as far as we were concerned he might purchase a rope like Judas and go hang himself. He has been a thoroughly bad servant; all the rest, especially the muleteers, who are excellent, have been satisfactory.

Saturday, 7th.—A strong wind in the early morning. Left at 7.30 and rode fairly fast, reaching Urfa in two hours; the camp took four and a quarter hours: a good road nearly all the way. Cultivated fields as we approached the town; we rode through a gateway and through various streets, and eventually pitched camp in a wheat-field under the castle close to a well-patronised café that is built on a large tank filled with carp. Seats and tables belonging to the



MOSQUE WITH SACRED TANK, URFA.



café extend round the tank, and here the Urfaites come and sit to take their coffee, gossip, or play at dominoes. Walked to see Abraham's tomb, who according to the Mohammedans was slain here, and then climbed up to the castle and walked round its deep moat. They say there is a German factory here making carpets by machinery. It is an important looking town, chiefly Armenians. I never saw so much 'button' before—it is the exception to be without it; if it attacks the eye, the eye goes, and I saw quantities of one-eyed people. There is a new hospital that stands out rather conspicuously, built with the Sultan's 'own money'; and many vineyards on the hills around. There is a very pretty tank close to our own, belonging to a mosque and full of 'sacred' fish.

I climbed in the afternoon with an Armenian policeman to see the rock-hewn tombs in the hill beyond the castle, and a cistern like that at Muhammed Khan, with quantities of steps and conduits for water cut in the rocks. It looks as if it might have been a rock city—it is well worth seeing; there are three hills to be wandered over, all very similar. The policeman told me what a bad time the Mussulmen give the Armenians. I was too polite to tell him I was glad to hear it, and think they get all they deserve. Selim the

cook is very pleased with the bazaar here, he bought wine, honey, sardines, and stockings for me. They sell nuts at the café to feed the fish with, and they seem to be being continually fed. To show me how sacred they were, I was told that a man caught one once, and as he was cooking it he lost his eyesight.

Urfa has very pretty plane-trees, and we are able to get oranges and lemons which we could not get in the Mosul bazaar. The biggest building in Urfa looking down at the town from the castle is the Armenian church, with an ugly white roof. When Tig and I caught sight of a carriage and pair, you would have thought we had never seen one before; we have not, indeed, since Selim's arrival at Palmyra. Talking of Palmyra, we were taken to see a tomb by the side of the road, not far from camp, with sculptured figures in it and Syrian writing, rather similar to the forbidden tomb at Palmyra, as far as the sculpturing is concerned. Charles says he has found out our best way to-morrow is to Seruj, and not Charmelik as Murray's guide-book says. As we know nothing about either, we do not dispute it with him. A warm night.

Palm Sunday, 8th.—Left at 8.15 with two soldiers from here as escort. There is a very good road that goes up the hills at the back of

the town, passing numerous rock-hewn caves. We passed quantities of caravans, a victoria and pair, and three Europeans, who looked like Germans, riding. We kept to this carriage road, which is the road to Charmelik, till 12 P.M., when we branched off to the left on a track among the hills; passed two or three cisterns of rain-water, and in an hour sighted the plain where Seruj lies. This plain is covered with numerous bee-hive villages. We got to a largish 'tel,' and then branched off to our right to a village, visible from some distance because of a square-roofed building, and reached Seruj after an eight and a half hours' march. An indifferent camping ground and water; some Germans had a £100 horse stolen from this camp, and the Kaimakam and watchmen were supposed to have been in it. To-day has been much warmer, and we actually sighted a jackal.

Monday, 9th.—Left at 6.45, and followed endless hills; after four and a half hours' riding, we got to a clear stream and lunched under a tree. Near by were some rock bees in a cavern, with mud hives. After lunch rode for one and three quarter hours and then sighted the Euphrates in the distance, and in another quarter of an hour we could see Birejik. A long, twisty road to reach the town; the mules took nine hours to

reach the river-side, and we sat in a café, on the edge of the Euphrates, waiting for them. It is rather a remarkable looking town, built on a steep cliff, with remains of a castle and city walls. We made the crossing with the mules, &c., in big-sterned boats, and punted across to a spit of sand, where we were deposited, and then had to ford to the other side of the river. Our camp was pitched about five minutes off the river, in a cemetery. We brought our drinking-water from the luncheon place, which was as well, for here we should have had nothing but river water, and as there is a large town on its banks, we would have swallowed many of those microbes that are said to be so rude when they get inside. We saw lots of ibis at Birejik. It has been a warm day, with a few clouds about. I do not know what the particular points are about the way we came to-day, but, as far as time goes, we should have done better to follow Murray's guide-book road to Charmelik; though it is very wearisome travelling for long on a carriage road. The scene of the river and town from camp is very picturesque, with the huge boats taking across carriages and horses, camels, flocks of sheep, &c.

Tuesday, 10*th.*—We had a fresh escort of two soldiers from Birejik and left camp at 7 A.M. We rode along more or less by the river, over



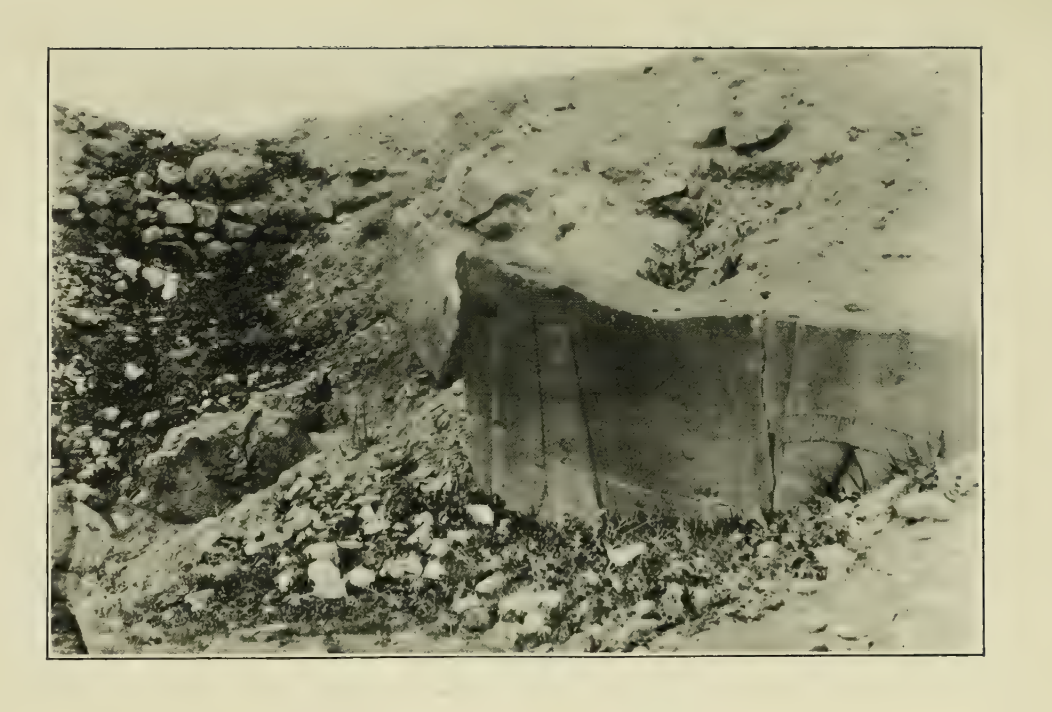
HITTITE SLAB, JERABLUS.



undulating ground, and cantering very often, reached Jerablus in three hours, which Murray gives as caravan hours. We didn't catch sight of Jerablus itself till within half an hour of reaching it. It is a very big 'tel', one side of which goes down sheer into the Euphrates, and there is a similar sized 'tel' on the opposite bank. Jerablus is supposed to have been the Hittite capital near which a battle took place between the vegetarian Nebuchadnezzar and Pharaoh Necho (B.C. 605). We hunted about among the ruins and lunched there till the caravan caught us up. Some Hittite slabs from here are in the British Museum; some broken ones are being exposed to the air and weather at the south of the 'tel,' of which Tig took photos. One has two figures with turned up shoes, holding hatchets, one with wings; the other is too defaced to see whether the figure is winged, but the figure is standing on a long shaped lion, which is in a better state of preservation. Both the slabs are of limestone. Then there is a black stone, broken, showing the lower part of two figures, and a smaller stone with head defaced, and wings going upwards, and a stone nearer the river too defaced to make out; the other stones lying about are Roman.

We rode on with the caravan, and got into camp at Armarine, a village by a 'tel' under the hills, after a seven hours and forty minutes' caravan march from Birejik. Great crowds from the dirty-looking village came to see the camp; water nothing to boast of. Rained at night. The villages we have passed to-day have been of the usual kind, not bee-hive.

Wednesday, 11*th.*—It rained in the early morning; we left camp by 7.30, and turned to the right, over the hills, away from the Euphrates. We should have taken a villager to guide us, as the route is most puzzling, and I think we went out of our way several times. We came to a village called Sagur and forded the Sagur river, which the guide book says 'Separates the Arabs from the Turkomans.' It turned out a beautiful afternoon, and though there had been a thunderstorm ahead of us and rain falling in various directions, we caught none. We saw quantities of tortoises lying on the banks of the streams; they splashed in when they heard us. We pitched camp at Jemmus Werran, a dirty village, with well water and barley, a six and a half hours' march. They brought a very sick child, dying, I should think, to our tents and expected us to cure it. We gave it an orange, and hoped we should leave in the morning before



BLACK BASALT SLAB AT JERABLUS.



it died, which it was surely doing. I had a visit from a bevy of ladies in my tent, one of whom also required doctoring, and initiated me into the strange departures of her own complicated structure. I put my head on one side and looked wise, and dosed her with what I hoped wouldn't matter.

Two different sets of men we passed to-day asked us for the services of our horses to cover their mares—our poor horses who are just managing to drag themselves along.

Thursday, 12*th*.—Left at 7.30, and rode from village to village, over a good road, through a village called Boghaz, from where we could see Bap; to Bap, in six hours, leaving the village of Bza'a (with Corinthian capitals and other fragments) to our left before reaching Bap. Rode about two hours on from Bap to Deir Kak (monastery of the raven), bringing barley with us from Bap, which has a largish bazaar. Saw snow mountains to our right all morning, probably the Kurt Dagh. The fields after leaving Bap were covered with a pink scentless lily; crossed a small stream at Bap that runs down to the salt lake of Jebul. There are two picturesque Bedouin tents, with camels, pitched close to us and to the village of Deir Kak; the caravan took eight and three-quarter hours

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to-day. Most of the villages we have seen to-day are bee-hive.

13*th (Good Friday)*.—Left at 7 A.M., rode along a good road up and down hill, for three hours, when we first sighted Haleb (Aleppo), with the snow mountains in the distance, looking like a Japanese picture. The fields we passed have pretty wild flowers, poppies, and black iris. I saw a tortoise on the road, and nearing Aleppo much cultivation and some pistachio trees in blossom. A low line of hills to our left most of the way, ending in Jebul Salt Lake, which was quite visible. A fortress stands on a 'tel.' We came to the usual manure heaps, dogs, and cemeteries that mark the outside of an Eastern town, in four hours, and tried to pass through the town, but were stopped by a procession that was welcoming some Aleppoite who had just returned from doing the Haj; women were on the roofs tahlal-ing—a peculiar shrill noise they make with their tongues—and men dancing in the streets with knives and discharging firearms. We saw there was no room for us, so we got outside the town again and rode up by the barracks, through the European quarter. Tig had misgivings whether I and my skirt would be admitted into any respectable hotel; I confess to looking like mince-pie: sort of everything. We first went to

the 'Hotel du Parc,' where they did not appear to be able to cope with a sudden inundation of two people, so after lunching in its pretty courtyard, out in the open, we removed to the 'Hotel Azizieh,' where we are quite comfortable; but personally I think it tragic to have to sleep with a roof over one's head again. The mules took seven hours to reach here. We drove to the telegraph office in the afternoon and through the bazaars, which are good, and altogether feel ourselves back in civilization. At least a dozen Europeans were at the table d'hôte dinner, for whom Tig considers I ought to fish out my old black dress from the bottom of the kit-bag. It smells rather like a Camembert cheese, having got mouldy in the long rain, I suppose; and I much prefer my dear old dress, but Tig is prejudiced about it, and thinks it frightful, if not a danger to women with child. This is one of the many nuisances of getting back to civilization. It does not matter what one looks like in camp. That 's a particular beauty of it all. Looking round the dinner table at the hotel, I was filled with an immense spiritual desolation to think that the desert life that I loved so was pretty well all over now, and that I should soon be swallowed up by 'ächt brittische Beschränktheit.' I tried not to look cross, to say sugar three times, to force my emotions

into a smile, whether they would go or not; but I felt absolutely out of touch with it all. And so to bed, as Pepys would say, into a stuffy room, instead of being laced into my tent by Charles.

Saturday, 14*th*.—Tig and I drove—by the way the 'fiacres' are very good here—to see the 'Hittite' slab in the outer south wall of the Jami-el-Kakan mosque; it struck us as having been let into the wall upside down, from the look of the inscription. Then we went to the fortress, which is reported to have remarkable rock-hewn passages, and were refused admittance. They said we required an order from the consulate first; so the 'spies' did not bother any further, or to visit the tomb of Salah-ed-Din which is almost opposite, for we had already seen one of his tombs at Damascus, where we had supposed very much of him to be lying disintegrate. To go and gaze where there should be more of him might have disconcerted us; so we drove about the bazaars instead, which are fascinating. We saw a lot of Circassians in them, and they are said to have been driven out of Russia. We sat and talked in the court-yard of the hotel to an English youth who is staying there, and who, as far as we made out, is employed here in an American depot for liquorice. He told us that the liquorice weed is brought in by the natives, and

bought from them by the 'oke.' It is then kept six months, turned and kept another six months, then sent down to Alexandretta to be squeezed into bales and sent to America, where they employ it for chewing tobacco, &c. The natives bringing it in to Haleb use it to light their fires with, so that the original amount sent in from the various stations diminishes.

After dinner we talked to a French doctor who had been in Persia. He said no escort was needed for travellers there, as the headman of each village was made responsible for the travellers' safety, and if the least thing went wrong, or any theft occurred in his district, he had his own arm broken for it at once!

15*th* (*Easter Day*).—I was presented with some dyed eggs by the landlord's wife, who is a Christian. I do not quite know what eggs have to do with the Resurrection, but I am quite sure spotty handkerchiefs have nothing, which is all I could have given her in exchange, so I let it alone. She brought the visitors' book to us, and begged us to write our opinions of the hotel in it. Of course, we said it was the last note in comfort; to speak less exaggeratedly, it really wasn't bad, though the 'ritirata' exactly resembled the one I described at Karyatein.

We left the hotel at 7 A.M. actually, at last, with no escort. There is a Wali, I suppose, but I do not know if Charles had announced our arrival to him. Anyhow we are no longer spies, but travelling for 'pleasure,' like any other cocknies. We rode through part of the town, and both there and for some way into the country the world and his wife—no matter of what religion—were out merry-making and keeping holiday. We crossed the future railroad, where the way was being made from Hamah to Aleppo, which will mean being able to come here, either from Beyrout or Damascus, by train. A man joined our party who was just released from Aleppo gaol, where he had done ten years for getting drunk with three other men, one of whom was found murdered. This is how he put it. It seems a heavy sentence for merely getting drunk and having an inconsiderate 'pal' who goes and gets murdered. He was a big, good-looking man, and certainly came out of gaol well nourished. He kept ahead of my horse all day, on his flat feet, and as he only had a shirt on I was able to judge.

The road to-day was fair in most places. We lunched beyond the village of Jirbih, and camped by a bee-hive village called Sheikh Hamed, whose head man speaks a little French.

The bathing water was so dirty that he sent to some particular place for the drinking water, which was a little better. We have repented at least a dozen times that we did not have two extra mules to carry nothing but mineral water. If expense were not an object it would be only wise on a trip like this. From the camping-ground we can see Sermin, where there are numerous subterranean caverns which once formed a large town, lying under a low range of hills well to our right. The mules took seven and a half hours to-day.

16*th* (*Easter Monday*).—Left 7 A.M. We passed through several villages—Sarakib, Mahdiyeh, Illsarbib—and also passed to our right some ruined villages that looked fairly old. There was a sharp thunderstorm after lunch. We got into camp at Maarah-el-Naaman after an eight hours' march. There is a ruined castle and a domed mosque, the minaret of which is visible for nearly two hours before reaching it; but it is a dirty-looking place, and we had a filthy camping-ground near a cemetery and village pond, from which a very much dead dog had to be removed, and he left it scented with his memory all night, or perhaps he had got so very much up my nose that I could not get him down again. I spent most of the 'huge and

thoughtful' night walking about with Charles, who also seemed sleepless.

17*th* (*Easter Tuesday*).—Left at 7.20, and caught sight of the snow Lebanon almost at once; followed undulating ground all day; passed the village of Sheikhoun in just under four hours, and got into camp at Moorik after six hours forty minutes. We pitched camp under a very big 'tel' with a bee-hive tomb on the summit, and near a large bee-hive village. The water is bad, as they only have cisterns for rain water. There is an enormous manure heap, bidding to be a respectable sized 'tel' one day, on which the inhabitants stroll out in the evening to 'eat' the air. We climbed up to the tomb for the view, and could see the Orontes river, and three flat-topped hills which are by Hamah. There are thunderstorms, and rain falling in the distance, but only a few drops fell here.

Wednesday, 18*th*.—Left at 7.30, and passed a village called Tayib, and after two hours' riding came to the new railway cutting upon which men are working. After four hours, arrived at Hamah, which ranks, as the guide-book says, amongst the most ancient of the known cities of the world, being, according to the biblical account, at least four thousand years old;



BEEHIVE VILLAGE, MOORIK.



and crossing the Orontes, saw one of the huge water-wheels at work, pumping up the water into aqueducts; they make a humming noise, which is not unmusical. We lunched on the top of a very large mound, which once had a castle on it, though that has disappeared. It was blowing a gale of wind, and there were some well-to-do looking people up there living in tents. I don't know whether they were doing an open-air cure, but it looked like it. We then found our way up to the railway station, where we pitched our camp. The mules took five and a half hours to arrive. Some French engineers at the railway kindly asked us in to a railway shed and gave us absinthe and cigarettes. We then went and had a clean-up, and in a benevolent mood I left my poor old dress as a legacy to Hamah. Tig presented the staff with some of his old clothes; and they were all paid up and said farewell to, as they are going to march down to Beyrout. I wish I was, too; but we are slaves to time, so after dinner, by permission of the station-master, we were allowed to have our beds made up in the train which was waiting there ready to start at 4.30 in the morning. I went to sleep to the strains of 'La Mattchiche,' whistled by some gay Frenchman, I suppose.

Thursday, 19*th*.—We passed Baalbek station

in the morning, and lunched for the third time at Reyak junction, where there were a good crowd of tourists both coming from and waiting to go to Baalbek. We were half asleep in the train after lunch, when it pulled up at some roadside station; but as it is in the habit of stopping to talk at every apology for a station all along the line, we were not paying much attention, being in the somnolent state produced by a slow train after a large meal, when we had loaded ourselves well beyond Plimsoll-mark—when suddenly I saw Tig's eyes go wide open quite suddenly and his face drop at least three holes. No time to say anything, only to point out of the window—there was S. Bey, red fez and Arab cloak all complete; like the villain in the play, turning up at the most unexpected moments. He got into the carriage laden with baskets of Arab sweetmeats from his country house, made for me. Here were indeed coals of fire, and I was almost touched when I thought of the pursuer's many devices, but life is a game, and I wasn't going to confess myself the weakest of the two players yet. He fell to recriminations at once, for my not having let him know that we were coming, and said he had been at this station—which is not far from his country property—every day for a week. He really is



نمونه ۱

فی سنه
Le .... 190 ..

وصول نومروسی
№ d'arrivée ....

دقیقه ساعت
h. m. du

ارسالی
Réexpédie ....
à ....

مأمورك امضاسی
Signature de l'Employé

TÉLÉGRAMME

L'état n accepte aucune responsabilité
à raison du service de la télégraphie

فی
Le .... 190 ..

واسطه‌سیله
Transmis par ....

دقیقه ساعت
h. m. du

بدأ مخابره
Commencé à ....

ختام مخابره
Fini à ....

مأمورك امضاسی
Signature de l'Employé

De .... pour

الی عن

اشارات مخصوصه	طریق	روز وياشت	دقيقه	ساعت	محل تاریخی	غروب	عدد کلمات	محل نومروسی
Indications non taxés	Voies	Matin ou soir	Minutes	Heures	Date du dépôt	Group	Nombre de mots	№ du dépôt

TELEGRAM AT DEIR FROM S . . . . BEY.

rather invincible in his way. Why hadn't I answered his telegram to Deir. I had, I said—by silence. Isn't that an answer? We arrived at Beyrout an hour late, and drove up to the 'Grand Hotel D'Orient,' where we had stayed before. By the time we were sitting at dinner again I could almost doubt whether we had ever left it—and yet——

Friday, *20th.*—Spent the day mostly with S. Bey, who begged me to stay on and go up into the Lebanon, where I should meet the princes of the Lebanon. They grow, I believe, thirteen for the shilling there.

Saturday, *21st.*—Went on board the Messageries boat *Saghalien*, which has a special flag flying, because Haki, the commander-in-chief at Damascus, and his wife (whom I had met) and family are on board, returning to Constantinople. I hear N. Pasha has left Damascus and gone as governor to Rhodes. I fear this is no promotion. S. Bey, of course, came on board to see the Emiri off, who is reduced to a simple nobody again once more. How are the mighty fallen, think I, as I stand waving my hand to S. Bey and Charles as we steam off and they get smaller and smaller in the distance. Wa Allah!

Sunday, *22nd.*—As we are lunching to-day, one of a party of Protestant Christians who have

been 'doing' Jerusalem, drew every one's attention by striking on his glass, standing up and saying they had asked the captain for the use of the saloon for Divine service at two o'clock. Really, it strikes me that the man seemed to forget that the British middle-class is not mankind. Supposing the Jews, or Armenians, or Mohammedans, of whom there were many on board, had done likewise; but they strike one as gentlemen compared to the British tourist.

Monday, 23rd.—Arrived at Vathy, Samos, at daybreak. Landed and tried to buy some stamps, but were unable to as the clerk was at his *déjeuner.* Great excitement in the town as elections are going on, and, as Mark Twain said of the Italians, when they 'are electioneering you can't tell it from artillery practice.' We really couldn't, for they were firing right and left further up in the town; and when we sailed at 8 P.M. we saw a village in flames.

Oh dear, I am feeling dull. Every one seems to have the absurd habit of not inventing the conversation as my dear Arabs did; and I feel I practically know what they are going to say before they say it. It makes life so flat.

Tuesday, 24th.—Arrived at daybreak at Smyrna, and meant to have landed and gone by train to Ephesus, and from there to see

Kolophon, where the British school are working, and caught the same steamer on its way back from Constantinople, but we found the whole of the Holy Land party were going to Ephesus, which immediately decided us to go in any direction but that.

Wednesday, *25th.*—Arrived Constantinople 3 P.M.

Thursday, *26th.*—Drove to the museum to see the Assyrian antiquities, but all the really good ones are invisible, as the rooms that are being built for them are not complete yet; we saw a fairly good collection of Assyrian cylinders, however. Sailed again at 4 P.M. There is one very indignant man on board, who I had taken for an American; he turns out to be an Armenian living in Manchester, and 'travelling' in cotton, with a passport properly *visée.* He landed on business connected with his firm yesterday, was detained at the custom-house on the quay for several hours, and eventually taken in a boat to see some Pasha whose dinner was just being taken in; so he had to wait till that was over. When he did see the Pasha he ordered him to prison for the night, where he was shut up with some very dirty people, and only brought on board in time to sail. He is chattering with rage, and says he is going to be naturalised as

soon as he reaches England. This comes of being an Armenian in Turkey. I do not know if it is still the case, but there was a time after the massacres when the word 'Armenia' was not allowed in print there; and pages of publications, printed by an American printing press at Beirut, had to be reprinted, leaving the word out, to satisfy the inspectors.

Friday, 27th.—Arrived at Smyrna.

Saturday, 28th.—Sailed 2.30 P.M.

Sunday, 29th.—Arrived daylight at the Piræus; sailed again at 12 A.M.

Tuesday, May 1st.—Arrived at Naples at 2; went on shore; streets have piles of lava dust, brushed up at the sides, from the late eruption of Vesuvius. Sailed again at 6.30 P.M.

Thursday, 3rd.—Arrived at Marseilles 7 A.M. Took 9.30 train to Paris.

Sunday, 13th.—Back in the country in England with nothing left to do but—

> Sit on a cushion,
> Sow a fine seam,
> And feed upon strawberries,
> Sugar and cream.

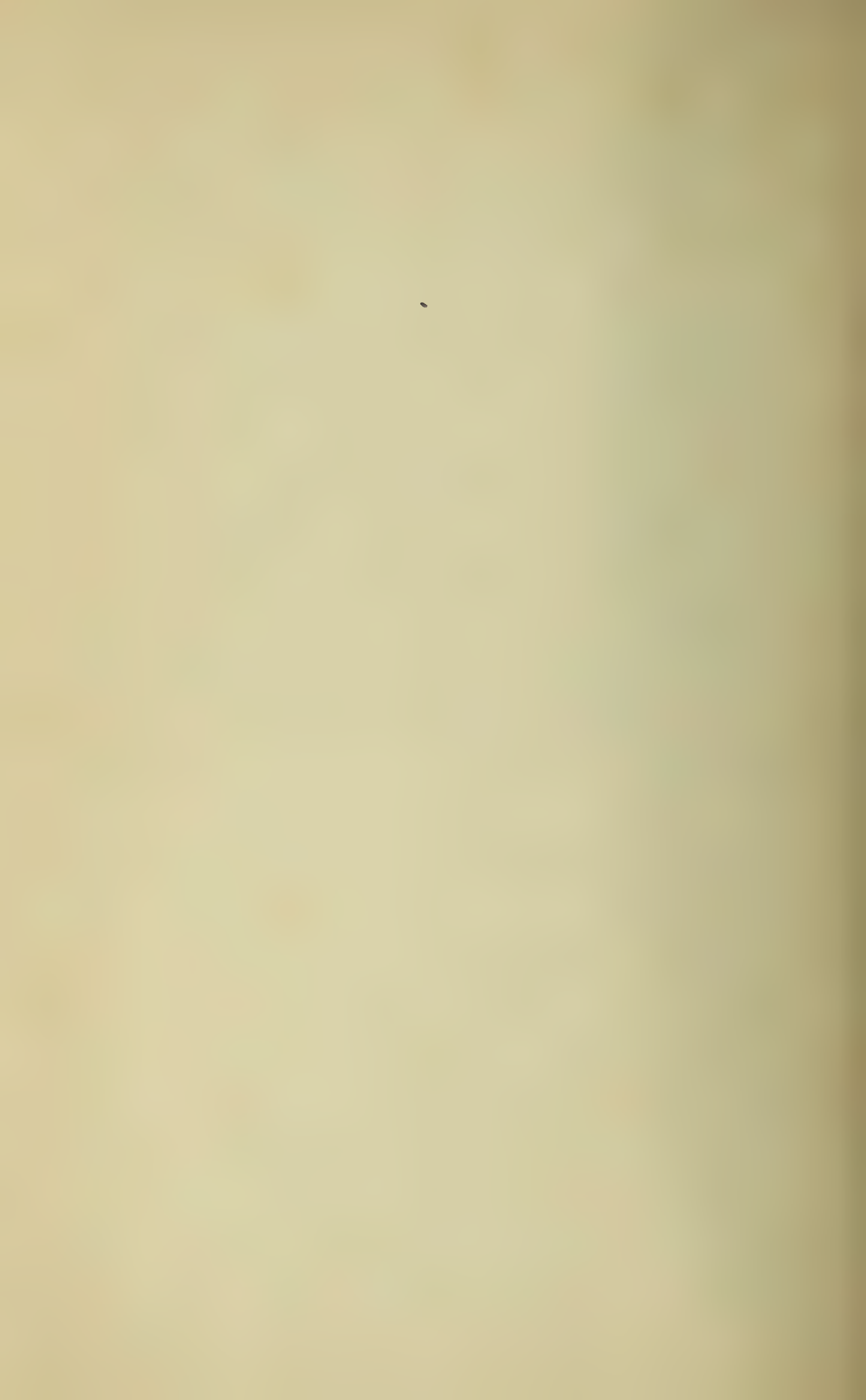
Even Selim, the Jew *syce*, has become a sub-conscious annoyance. I may read something in the papers like the following, which takes me back with a jerk :—

FRANCE DEMANDS FROM PORTE PUNISHMENT OF TEN KURDS

THEY ATTACKED A CONSUL, AND EMBASSY NOW ASKS FOR THEIR ARREST

CONSTANTINOPLE, Friday.—The French Ambassador demands from the Porte the arrest and punishment of ten Kurdish horsemen who attacked M. Degrand, French Consul, when travelling from Diarbekir (Asiatic Turkey) to Mosul.—*Presse.*

Or, perhaps, if I see an advertisement of Cooks' tours in Syria at the local railway station, I may get a fit of *nostos* and *algos*; but, generally speaking, distance is rubbing out the outlines, and I have only a general, dim sense that I left my heart at Nineveh and shall have to go and look for it again, sometime——



GLOSSARY

I THOUGHT a list of words and phrases that I picked up, chiefly from the servants, might be found convenient to future travellers. I sent my list, therefore, to the Arabic Professor at Cambridge, who most courteously and kindly corrected the spelling for me. A great deal of it, though, apparently resembled Mark Twain's German that he said was very rare, possibly unique, and ought to be added to a museum, for I see in several places he has made a mark of interrogation. I still, though, am obstinate enough to think that it may be useful, so publish it below, with Professor Brown's comment.

This ought not to be published in its present form. The transliteration is very inaccurate, the Arabic vulgar and often not corresponding accurately to the meaning given. Baedeker's 'Handbook to Syria' contains a much better collection of phrases useful for travellers, in colloquial Arabic.

The majority of these words and phrases will be found in the above-mentioned Baedeker, ed. of 1876, pp. 103–115, 'The Arabic Language.'—E. G. B.

Arabic Glossary

abadan,	never.
dá'iman,	always.
tayyib,	good.
ayna, wayn or fayn (the first classical: the other two dialect)	where ?
matá,	when ?
lá,	no.
bukrá,	to-morrow.
imbárih,	yesterday.
ba'd bukrá,	day after to-morrow.
inda,	call (so and so).
stannah shuwayya,	wait a minute.
Takdir tahmil hādy ?	Can you carry this ?
El houssān ʿaraj,	The horse is lame.
Fook el hazam,	Loosen the girths.
El houssān wakka hard-oney (?)	The horse has lost a shoe.
yemin,	right.
shemāl,	left.
warā,	behind.
kuddám,	in front.
baʿid,	far.
karib,	near.
had il tarik ?	this road ?
Hajar,	stones.
Nahr,	river.
Matar,	rain.
Hommār,	donkey.
Baghal,	mule.
Jamal,	camel.
Khinzir,	pig.
Hawá,	wind.
Jisr,	bridge.
ʿIndak awlád,	Have you any children ?

Jib-li,	Bring me.
Ana la ahki arabi,	I don't speak Arabic.
Ana la afham,	I don't understand.
Kam waldad ?	How many boys ?
Ma biddy,	I don't want it.
Sukker il shadder (?)	Shut the tent.
Shamaʿ,	candle.
Kibrít,	matches.
Tahki fransawee ?	Do you talk French ?
Bekaffee,	It is enough.
kemahni shwi,	a little more.
attini kemman,	give me more.
Ihfar khandug,	Dig a trench.
El ʿashá hader,	Is dinner ready ?
Mubluli,	It is wet.
Narshiffhar,	Dry it.
Jibli el surmi,	Bring my boots.
Shems,	sun.
Burrad,	hail.
artil katheer,	very bad.
Raʿd,	thunder.
Bark,	lightning.
Mizur,	Look at.
Inta mablul,	You are very wet.
El matar khlass, el hawá beddah,	Rain finished, wind begins.
Hote serjy dogree,	Put my saddle straight.
Kalíl,	a little.
Ahl,	people.
Hashísh,	grass.
Firāsh,	bed.
Ghubár,	dust.
ookaff hohn,	stop here.
Chidd el hazam,	Tighten the girths.
Mai katheer ?	Is there much water ? (Is the water deep ?)
Shejer,	trees.

Kam sá'a ?	How many hours ?
Shoo ism (el belad) ?	How do you call (the village) ?
Buss or bekaffee,	enough.
Kam,	How much ?
Uhkar kurbajee,	I have dropped my whip.
Buyt,	House.
Shu ismak ?	What is your name ?
Murrah,	woman.
shaneah,	ugly.
jamíla,	pretty.
Rajoul,	man.
Bint,	girl.
Ana uhibbuk,	I love you.
attini bohsee,	give me a kiss.
Imshi—rukudam,	go away—go on in front.
utruk-ní,	leave me.
Ibn-el kelb,	son of a dog.
Ibn-el maloun,	son of a cursed one.
Ibn-el manuki,	son of a whore.
Ekraas !	Shut up ! Be silent !
Laylatak sa'ída,	good night.
Mai suchne,	hot water.
Mai bardhi,	cold water.
Na'am,	yes.
Kharāb,	ruin.
How youssallee,	He is saying his prayers.
Nothoul ?	May we go in ?
phoot,	Come in.
Tayyib,	very well.
Ey wah,	yes.
Inshallah ahshoo phuk,	I hope to see you again.
Yimkin,	perhaps.
Mahleear,	properly.
Kuzzahzee,	bottle.
sukker ar mahleear,	shut it up tight.
phahliny,	cork.

Not kuzzahzee fee firāshi,	Put a bottle in my bed.
Urboot kheetahn,	Tie the strings.
Ohnee maffkookeen,	They are unfastened.
Dá'iman tynsahohm,	You always forget them.
El ahraḋ mablul,	The ground is damp.
Etlah laphook,	Go up higher.
Hohnak ahssan,	It is better there.
Tah saidny,	Come and help me.
Enty kusslahn,	You are very lazy.
Ruah shrab sigara,	Go and smoke.
Attini sigara,	Give me a cigarette.
Ana nahssany,	I am sleepy.
Isroo tizzour,	He has hurt his foot.
Keef sowah ?	How did he do it ?
Mahmzuar,	It is torn.
Mahbeesiel,	It does not matter.
Bedá'im,	It will last.
Jib ghayrah,	You had better get another.
La araff zakhan akdar,	I don't know if I can.
Sah thalj enkoom hady sahny ?	Have you had snow this year ?
Jibli hady zarah,	Bring me this flower.
Kursi,	chair.
Hady ?	Is that——?
phook,	above.
Iftah (verb),	open.
tazah,	fresh.
katheer,	very.
Munsahb jaid,	Good camping ground.
Fiechkne bakeer,	Wake me early.
Tower wukket,	It is late.
Fe shieer holin—hohnak ?	Have they barley here—there ?
Fe sook malíh ?	Is there a good bazaar ?
Bidna naruha ahbad,	We must go on further.
Maksoor,	It is broken.
La yam fa'sh,	useless.

Irmi,	Throw it away.
harshiff haddowl,	Dry these things.
cow-warm,	quickly.
ahlak mahlak,	go slowly.
Stahjel or yallah,	Hurry up!
Mahfee wukt,	We have not time.
Nowhum lanzam nahrooar,	We are obliged to go on.
Minlooto phuk,	It is very kind of you.
Hady madina kabeera,	Is this a big town?
Muslim,	Mohammedan.
Nahsrani,	Christian.
Ana la hybe el kashish,	I don't like priests (missionaries).
Kam ahtee?	How much shall I give him?
Katheer,	It is too much.
Ana aftakir,	I think so.
Laish?	Why?
Hirinee kalamak,	Lend me a pen.
Tashoof ha minhoon?	Can you see it from here?
Aish kálú?	What did they say?
Minhin jiyeen.	Where do they come from?
Wheyn rá'ihín,	Where are they going?
wussikh katheer,	very dirty.
hadeef?	Is it clean?
Imshi ya burreed,	Hurry up, old cold blood.
Huwa hoomăr,	He is a donkey.
Enty hoomăr,	You are a donkey.
'askaree—'askar,	soldier—soldiers.
Hady kat'a kadeem?	Is it an old fortress?
Lissah ba'íd?	Is it much further?
Ana taban (tabanee, f.),	I am tired.
Huwa kusslan katheer,	He is very lazy.
Haty haddowl lil ghasl,	Give these things to be washed.
Isru teejou,	His feet are sore.
Entah noussal ila karya?	Where is there a village?

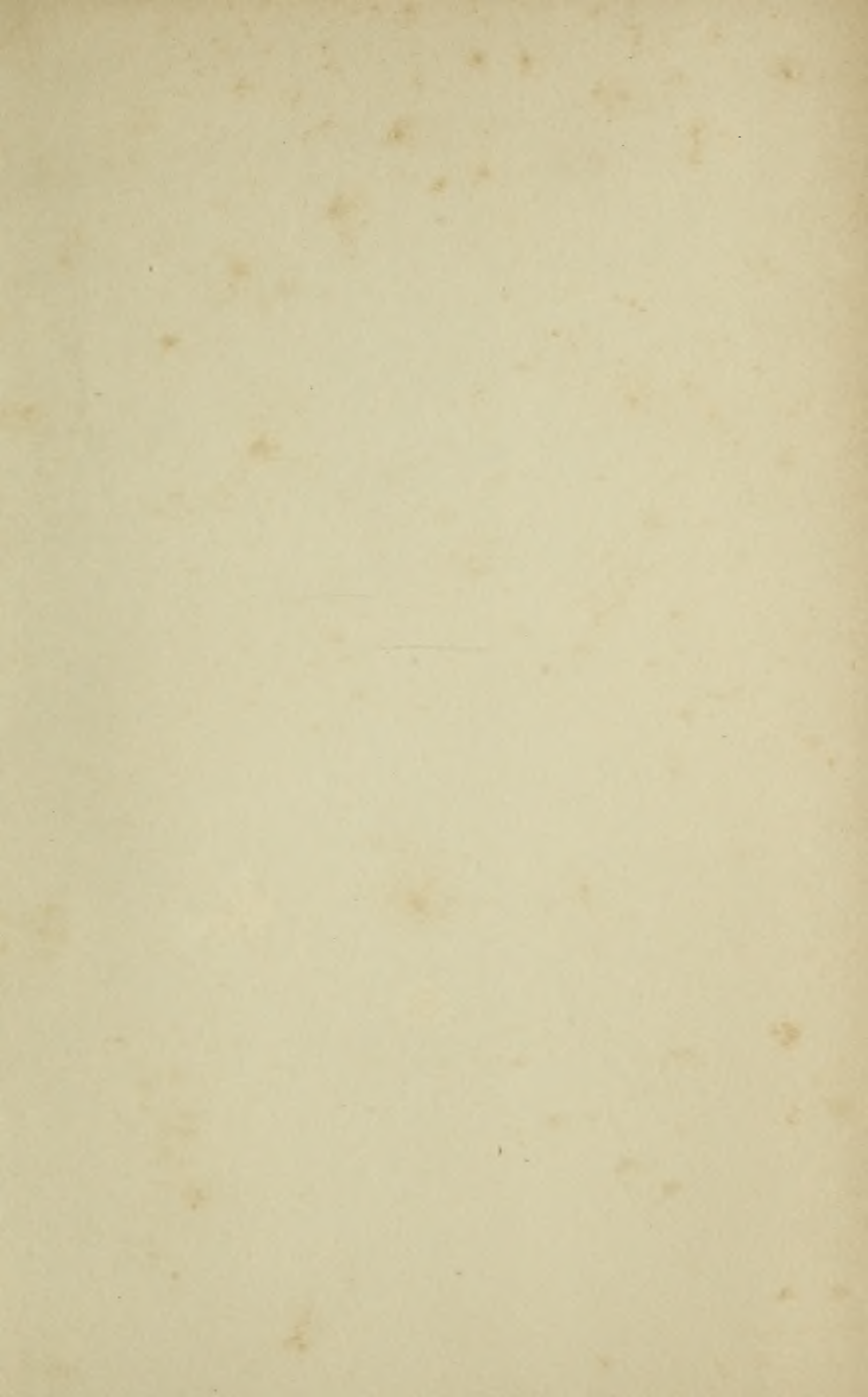
Hoteruffaharrah showadr (?)	Put someone to guard the tent.
Kul hoom la sayunamoo,	Tell them not to sleep.
Ana samiʿtu eshahkhoor,	I heard him snoring.
La yahkí,	He is not to talk.
La tesiyaho,	Don't make so much noise.
Ana la hybe hadar rajoul,	I don't like that man.
Rebahtoo yemsikoo,	Send him to catch it.
Enty tazam tashtaree,	You will have to buy some.
Nahna nahkod kah mahnee-oom,	We will stop there a day.
Sūrah,	picture.
Emtah el ʿashá ?	What time is dinner ?
Seeah katheer,	Too much noise.
Biddy kalam wedawy,	I want pen and ink.
jadíd,	new.
ʿatík,	old.
mooshammah,	waterproof.
Kum amrak ? Amrik, f.,	How old art thou ?
Wáhid,	one.
Ithnayu,	two.
Thelātha,	three.
Arbaʿa,	four.
Khamsa,	five.
Sitta,	six.
Sabʿa,	seven.
Thamáni,	eight.
Tisʿa,	nine.
ʿAshara,	ten.
Nisf,	half.
Kull,	all.
As-sáʿa kam ?	What o'clock ?
Armalon tayyib,	Do it carefully.
La tinsa,	Don't forget.
Ana zahlanee ʿalayk,	I am very angry with you.
Ana ferhan—ferhanee, f.,	I am very glad.
Ana ajkarak dá'iman,	I will think of you always.

Ooncherom fil howa,	Hang them in the air.
Narschiffoom ʻallah nur,	Dry them by the fire.
La tahrik-hum,	Don't burn them.
Farshy kabootey,	Brush my coat.
Huwa maríd,	He is sick.
Rassak eejak ?	Have you a headache ?
Kalbuh egowh,	His stomach aches.
Fee Hākim ?	Is there a doctor ?
Bottno el hardy ?	Are his bowels regular ?
Suchoony or hemmah,	fever.
Ahsan,	better.
bi-khayr,	quite well.
Nam,	Lie down.
Kalig dahffy,	Keep warm.
La eetahkoom,	Don't get up.
Fuddul,	Sit down.
Ana at habluk	I have given you much trouble.
Ana moot shukkirah,	I am very grateful.
Sikkeen,	knife.
Shokey or fortakey,	fork.
Mullarker,	spoon.
Milh,	salt.
Finján,	cup.
Sahine,	plate.
Kass,	glass.
footah nadeef,	clean napkin.
Bashkeer,	towel.
El fuzzur,	daylight.
Allam,	It is dark.
Ana la akdar ashoof,	I cannot see.
Mut takdar tashoof,	You cannot see it now.
Kummum zwei tashoof,	You will see it presently.
rass el jebel,	At the top of the hill.
Kahr el jebel,	At the bottom of the hill.
Huwa kháʻif.	He is afraid.
Il oo karieeb hohn ?	Has he relatives here ?

Naal' abuk,	Drat thy father.
Laan abuk,	curse thy father.
Kahra,	you shit.
Kussinik mahassahnik,	curse the private parts of your mother.

THE END






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